THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 10. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND'S YOUNG HERO.

The 117th Anniversary of The Birth of Gallant Robert Emmet Celebrated with Great Enthusiasm at the Auditorium.

Ten Thousand People Assemble to Honor the Occasion, and Are Regaled by Oratory, Music and Song.

John F. Finerty Presides and Delivers the Introductory Address.

The Oration of the Night Delivered by Alexander Sullivan, Who Receives A Thrilling Ovation.

The Address and Resolutions.

Introductory.

The grandest public gathering ever held within the massive halls of the mammoth Auditorium assembled there last Monday evening on the occasion of the celebration of the 117th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet. It was, indeed, a tidal wave of Irish-American humanity that mustered there—the elite of the Irish national element in Chicago, men and women, with their American friends and those of other "previous nationalities." But nine-tenths of those assembled were either born in the Emerald Island—the Poland of the Seas—or were immediately descended from natives of that celebrated country.

Owing to the tremendous rush for admission, which began as early as seven o'clock, the detail of policemen, under Captain Hayes, had their hands full in keeping the lines of ticket holders in their proper place, but everybody was in good humor and not the slightest unpleasant incident occurred either outside or inside the vast hall to cause even the shadow of disorder. The ushers were kept in rapid motion showing the audience to their seats, and when the curtain rose at 8 o'clock, the main floor, foyer, boxes, platform and four tiers of galleries were packed with solid walls of human beings. The lowest calculation made of the number present was 8,000 and the highest 10,000, but other thousands, who could not possibly be admitted, were obliged to submit to the disappointment with the best grace they might. It would have taken, as Mr. Keating well said, the capacity of the great Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the late World's Fair to accommodate all who wished to attend.

Notwithstanding the importance of the occasion, the accidents to which all things human are subject, nearly prevented the chairman of the gathering and the orator of the night from appearing. The former, while en route from Buffalo to this city, was detained four and three-quarter hours by the breaking down of a locomotive on Canadian territory, and Mr. Sullivan had so bad an attack of the grip that it was only by a strong effort of the will he was able to do himself and his subject justice.

When John T. Keating, chairman of the executive committee of the Irish National societies, called the assembly to order he faced an audience of no less than 10,000 people, men and women. Every seat in the great Auditorium was occupied and every box was filled with expectant and enthusiastic groups, family parties. The stage at the rear was decorated with the American flag, and the folds framed a heroic size picture of Robert Emmet, while the green flag of Ireland, harp emblazoned, crowned the portrait of the patriot who died on the gallows for liberty.

The speakers of the evening were John F. Finerty, chairman, and Alexander Sullivan. They were supported on the stage by the following well-known citizens: Col. James A. Sexton, Col. James E. Stuar, Rev. Dr. W. H. Bolton, John Devlin, James Furlong, P. H. Giblin, James W. Graham, Hon. Edmund O'Connell, of Bloomington; Rev. T. H. Malone, of Denver; H. Grattan Donnelly, Judge Burke, Judge Windes, Judge Elbridge Hanecy, Judge J. Barton Payne, Judge Adams, Judge Abner Smith, J. Fitzgerald Murphy, Rev. B. Mahoney, Rev. M. J. Dorney, Rev. B. P. Murray, Rev. D. H. McGrath, Rev. D. D. Hisbon, Rev. H. McShane, Rev. W. S. Hennessy, Rev. T. F. O'Gara, Rev. E. A. Murphy, Rev. M. J. Byrne, Rev. Edward Kehoe, Rev. J. A. Healey, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, William Newman, M. S. Hyland, M. Gorman, P. L. McArdle, James C. Strain, Thomas Brenan, E. P. Nerney, N. D. Laughlin, P. L. Touhy, Judge Baker, A. L. Toolen, Walter Gibbons, James Maher, C. W. Westley, Henry W. Nolan, John S. Cooke, E. J. McArdle, Thos. E. Keeley, Eugene Keeley, P. J. Mangan, John J. O'Connell, J. E. McSweeney, T. H. Clifford, Ald. Mahony, Rev. J. F. Callaghan, Thomas Cusack, Frank Agnew, Jr., I. N. Powell, Wm. A. S. Graham, William Fitzgerald, Judge John Gibbons, Rev. J. P. Dore, Rev. J. M. Scanlan, Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Rev. Father Fitzsimmons, Rev. William H. Lyman, P. H. Donnelly, Senator P. V. Fitzpatrick, Rep. William Kent, Capt. P. M'Grath, Rev. J. S. Finn, Wm. Leyden, Edward Shanley, John Hawkins, F. W. Tobin, M. V. Gannon, John Hartley, Lawrence Heneky, Thomas Fitzgerald, Rev. H. G. Van Pelt, Rev. P. Gilday, Father Barry, Charles Clarke, Samuel J. Maloney, M. J. Keane, Thomas J. Baker, Frank D. Kinsella, Dr. J. McLaughlin, John M. Carroll, James W. Nye, Rev. J. J. Green, James C. Dooley, George P. Foster, Thomas H. Cannon, Brother Adjutor, Inspector Shea, James A. Brady, George Cooke, P. H. Duggan, Thomas Kelly, Joseph Kelly, Jeremiah Finnegan, Alfred Racket, W. J. Kelly, James N. McLean, Rev. J. J. Carroll, Rev. A. J. McGavick, Rev. F. N. Perry, Rev. Thomas Whalen, Rev. A. J. Fox, Rev. J. H. Crowe, Rev. M. T. Mackin, Rev. Denis O'Brien, Rev. S. Woulfe, Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Rev. Fr. Luttrell, Rev. E. A. Murphy, Rev. P. C. Conway, Rev. T. F. O'Hare, Rev. P. P. O'Dwyer, Rev. J. Glennon, Rev. J. Clancy, Rev. M. J. Byrne, Hammond, Ind.: Rev. J. A. Hines, Rev. Brother Fidelian, Mr. William Dillon of the *New World*, and many others.

Among those who occupied boxes or front seats were noticed, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Agnew and family; Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Monahan, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Gannon and Miss Gannon; Hon. William H. Lyman and family; Mr. T. E. Ryan and family; Mr. J. Powers and family; Mr. and Mrs. William Gavin; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien and family; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mulcahy; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Flavin, Mrs. Alexander Sullivan; Dr. Edith Fyffe, Miss E. Bickford; Hon. John Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons; Miss Annie Breen, Miss Nellie Breen; Mrs. William Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kelly, M. J. Keane, A. J. Graham, Dr. George F. and Mrs. Shears; Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald and family; Mr. Charles Wesley and family; Mr. D. J. Gallery, Mr. J. J. Gallery, and the Misses Gallery, P. J. Mangan, Mr. P. J. Cahill and family; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Heneky and family; Mr. and Mrs. James Furlong, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. John F. Finerty, Mrs. E. Hennessy, Mrs. C. Ruare, Mrs. James McEnerney and Miss Stella V. Hennessy; Mrs. John T. Keating and Miss Kate Keating, Major William McCoy, Mrs. McCoy and family; Mr. and Mrs. James Bradley; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Giblin, Springfield, Ill.; Coroner James McHale, Justice E. T. Glennon, Thomas Fitzgerald, Capt. P. F. Ryan and many more.

Among others in the hall were a delegation of Grand Army men, accompanied by a few of the confederates whom they invited as their guests, headed by ex-Senator H. Ruger and Capt. P. McGrath; and a delegation of one hundred German-American citizens from the North Side, personal friends of Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Clarence Eddy played, with great effect, a medley of Irish music on the organ before the proceedings were opened.

At a few minutes after half past 8 o'clock, Mr. John T. Keating, chairman of the executive committee, went forward to the foot lights and called the grand assemblage to order, in a few well-chosen and well-delivered sentences. He thanked the people present, in the name of the Irish National societies of Chicago, and said they had selected to preside on the occasion one whom they all knew and had confidence in—John F. Finerty.

Mr. Finerty was cordially greeted as he arose and delivered the introductory address, in substance as follows:

The Chairman's Remarks.

Mr. Finerty said, in effect: This great meeting marks, beyond question, a new epoch in the history of the Irish race. Here, in America's youngest, most famous and most vigorous city—the metropolis of American commercial genius and enterprise—we who have had a respectable share in developing that genius and enterprise, have met in our thousands in this giant hall tonight to attest our devotion to the memory and the principles of a martyr whose sacrifice in the cause of liberty was futile in his own day, but whose example fires us tonight with the unconquered spirit of Ireland—not the Ireland of the Whig and the sycophant, but the Ireland of the separatist and the hero. (Applause.) The man whose natal day we have met to commemorate has left behind him only a brave tradition. Even his last resting place, cold and unhonored, is unknown to us. His dust, indeed, is a part of Irish earth, and, for this, we consecrate the whole island to his glory. (Cheers.) The poet has written, "We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write." As a majority, the impeachment of John Boyle O'Reilly is, perhaps, only too well deserved by us, but there has always been a minority in Ireland that dared all men might dare for liberty. We have, even in our own day, beheld the jails of our enemy crowded with those brave captives. Some we have seen exiled beyond the seas. Others we have beheld ascend the scaffold with the courage of the young hero of 1803, and die with as proud a chivalry—a prayer for Ireland their last utterance upon earth. (Applause.)

Situated as we are, and enjoined by the words of Emmet himself from raising an obelisk in his honor, until the cause he failed in has been made victorious by our patriotic endeavors, we can only build for him a monument in the inmost hearts of the race he died for. It is all the reward we can bestow upon our patriots who have returned to the bosom of our mother earth, because Emmet's is not the only tomb that lacks in Ireland an epitaph to tell who sleeps beneath the humble mound that marks where a hero is laid to rest. Some, indeed, have not even a mound to indicate their last bivouac—English quicklime, and the gloomy clay of the prison-yard have taken care of that. But not the Invalides or St. Paul's or Westminster is a grander repository for patriot dust than the hearts of twenty millions of Irish men and women. (Great applause.) The nationality of a race so tenacious of the memory of its confessors in the national faith can never be destroyed. Neither the gold nor the steel of England has been able to accomplish that destruction in the past, nor can they in the future. England may again, as in the past, trample on Ireland's heart, and resort to her traditional policy of stamping out Ireland's resistance in the blood of her defenders, but she can never overcome the passionate desire of the Irish people to be free.

Ireland can have no trust in her ancient and persistent enemy. The forced connection between the countries has been, from the beginning, maintained by diabolical crime on the part of England. The country that denounced the Czar for destroying Poland; the Turk for enslaving Greece, and the Corsican for invading Spain, has herself committed worse crimes against the lives, the fortunes and the liberties of the Irish people.

England has been given every opportunity by Ireland to make reparation, if that were possible, for the past. In every instance she has failed to be magnanimous. By force, she restrained the timid and immolated the brave. By fraud she completed what force had begun. From Strongbow to Rosebery she has ever been the same—false, cunning, cruel, treacherous. Ireland can never again place trust in a nation whose political falsehood is as infamous as perjury.

Therefore, whatever the cost or the stupendousness of the effort to separate Ireland from Great Britain, it must be attempted or the Irish race cannot fail to perish on the soil that bore it. (Cheers.)

Of course it will be said by our enemies and the timid among ourselves that separation can never be accomplished. The American Fathers were wiser than Grattan and Charlemont. They knew that America could not prosper while England ruled, and they struck the blow which made America the wonder and admiration of the universe. (Applause.) All Europe struck for Greece at Navarino. The chances of war tore from the brow of the Austrian the imperial crown of Germany, and Hungary and Italy sprang erect to the attitude of freedom. When the Turk trampled on Bulgaria, the Russian bayonets crossed the Pruth and Bulgaria was free. (Applause.) Great empires are not always invulnerable. The ancient world shook with the fall of the Roman power, built up by the genius of the Cæsars. The empires of Charlemagne and Charles Fifth decayed and crumbled and this century witnessed the rise and fall of the empire of the great Napoleon, won and lost by the sword. The same causes, lust of power and greed of territory, which led to the downfall of those great political structures will operate and are operating against the British empire, whose policy is multiplying its enemies. (Applause.) It is as true to-day as it ever was that out of the difficulties of England will arise the opportunity of Ireland. (Applause.) Great Britain will always yield to necessity what she never would accord to justice.

The churchyard of Bodenstown; the vaults of St. Werburgh's; the grave that has no epitaph; the battlefields of Wexford; the pen of Mitchel; the tongue of Meagher; the scaffold of Manchester and the cemetery at Glasnevin cry to us with one united voice—"Put not your trust in England!" (Continued applause.)

Neither shall we—now or in the future. We will trust ourselves alone, but welcome every armed ally that God may send to aid such efforts as opportunity may determine. Others may content themselves with the degraded sentiment of Ireland a Province.

Our motto is "Ireland a Nation"; with a free flag to symbolize her liberty and an army and navy to maintain it to the latest stroke of time. (Prolonged applause.)

However, ladies and gentlemen, it is not for the chairman of a gathering like this to speak at great length, especially when one you will be delighted to welcome and to hear is to deliver the oration of the night. Before closing, I wish to join in the thanks of the Irish societies for this magnificent demonstration in the cause of Irish nationality. The programme will now be proceeded with in its regular order.

Musical and Literary.

Following the chairman's address the programme was carried out. Especially was Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop's rendition of "Star Spangled Banner" applauded, and so long continued was it that she responded with a second song, "Rory Darlin'," telling with pathetic melody of an Irish eviction. "The Minstrel Boy," and in Irish, by M. J. Murphy, was thrillingly sung and enthusiastically applauded. He responded to an intense encore with the following to the air of "Maryland," written for the occasion:

IRELAND, DEAR IRELAND.

The Saxon sword came on thy shore,
Motherland, dear Motherland;
His torch flew to thy temple door,
Motherland, dear Motherland.
He swept away thy schools of yore,
Thy fanes he filled with sacred gore,
Thy children drove the oceans o'er,
Motherland, dear Motherland.

Thy lands he seized with robber hand—
Motherland, dear Motherland;
To knaves and traitors gave command—
Motherland, dear Motherland.
From thy chaste grasp he snatched the wand
That thou should'st sway from strand to strand,
That zones thy form with golden band,
Motherland, dear Motherland.

Thy patriot sons on scaffold high,
Motherland, dear Motherland;
As felons were condemned to die,
Motherland, dear Motherland.
Thy cause their souls do sanctify—
Proclaim thy woe adown the sky:—
On us their heirs thou shalt rely,
Motherland, dear Motherland.

Too sad has been thy poet's song,
Motherland, dear Motherland;
They wept thee weak, we chant thee strong—
Motherland, dear Motherland.
They meekly wailed thy cruel wrong.—
We strains of freedom shall prolong
Till thou art placed the free among,
Motherland, dear Motherland.

Then rouse thee from thy pallid dream—
Motherland, dear Motherland;
Behold thy banner's glorious gleam,
Motherland, dear Motherland;
It 'lumines mountain, dale and stream;
The cannon roar beneath its beam,
The drums resound and bugles scream—
Motherland, dear Motherland.

Thy sons are up from sea to sea,
Motherland, dear Motherland.
Thy millions march with martial glee—
Motherland, dear Motherland.
We're at the foe—the Saxons flee;—
At last, at last, we hail thee free—
Thy place among the nations see,
Ireland, dear Ireland!

Professor Samuel Kayzer, a famous elocutionist, delivered Emmet's speech from the dock most effectively, and was heartily applauded.

Professor Eddy followed, with selections from ancient Irish music on the organ, which proved a rare musical treat.

The chairman read telegrams of greeting and congratulation from Col. J. C. O'Connor, and Mr. E. J. Reilly, chairmen of great demonstrations at the Temple, San Francisco, and Cooper Union, New York, which were heartily applauded.

Mr. Sullivan Announced.

The chairman then advanced to the front of the platform and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am now about to make an announcement which I know will convey to you emotions of joy. Twenty-eight years ago I became acquainted with the orator of the night. I found him at that time a friend of Ireland and of liberty; he has since then continued to be the friend of Ireland and of liberty; until the latest moment of his existence he will still be the friend of Ireland and of liberty—the champion of American right and of Irish independence. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) I have now the honor and the pleasure of naming, not introducing—because he needs not introduction to this superb audience—the orator of the occasion—Ireland's friend, your friend, my friend—Alexander Sullivan."

At this announcement the great audience rose to its feet and gave four repeated rounds of cheering, while Mr. Sullivan stood there pale with emotion, unable, for some time, to give expression to the sentiments of gratification so splendid a reception must have afforded him. Then, when at last the audience settled down to the silence of anticipation, he said, in tones that trembled with intensity of feeling:

The Oration.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: For this generous expression of your friendship, I thank you." (Renewed cheering.)

A general hush fell upon the people, who evidently expected, or may have wished, something by way of personal reference. After a few moments' pause, Mr. Sullivan added, slowly and distinctly, "And I do not misunderstand it."

After another brief pause, which was broken in upon by repeated applause, Mr. Sullivan proceeded at once to his text, as follows:

He sketched the life of Emmet, spoke of his family and his surroundings, his education and his participation in the debates in Trinity College, where he was a friend, associate and classmate of Thomas Moore. To Emmet's refined sensibility and keen appreciation Moore was first indebted for his aroused interest in the ancient national music. Many of the airs which have become classic and which have brought fame to Moore's name were originally brought to his attention by Emmet. Emmet's speeches, delivered in the debating classes of Trinity, so alarmed the "loyal" authorities of the college that they instituted an investigation to ascertain whether or not any of the students belonged to the society of the United Irishmen. The students were summoned and required at this investigation to state whether or not they belonged to the society and to give the names of any person or persons whom they might know to be members of it. Emmet indignantly declined to obey the summons and tendered his resignation as a fellow of the college. The resignation was declined, and the authorities did him the great honor of inserting in the roll of membership the word "expelled" after his illustrious name. (Applause.)

Emmet's trip to the Continent, his study of military affairs and his interviews with Talleyrand and Napoleon, were recited. His return to his native land, where the national spirit was almost dead, because of the failure of the '98 movement and the sale of the Irish Parliament by the infamous so-called act of union in 1800, the energy with which he threw his soul into the work of reorganizing and giving life to the people, and his plans for a new rising, were briefly and graphically described. The story of the rising, its failure and the subsequent trial and execution of Emmet, with an eulogy of Anne Devlin and a pathetic reference to Emmet's betrothed, Sarah Curran, introduced the subject of the evening.

Touching the sale of the Irish Parliament, already referred to by the speaker, he said it was frequently asked why the Irish, professing to be solicitous for the privilege of self government, betrayed their liberty by selling their parliament for English gold in 1800, after its eighteen years of existence had done so much to revive the country's prosperity. He said, true it was an Irish Parliament in the sense that it met in Ireland and legislated for that country. But it was not a representative Irish parliament. Although the Catholics were then nine-tenths of the population of Ireland, no Catholic could be a member of Parliament, and it was only in 1793 that a Catholic in Ireland could even vote. Nor, on the other hand, would it be fair to allege that the Protestants of Ireland were to blame for the treachery of that Parliament. It fairly represented neither Protestants nor Catholics. Grattan said in 1793 that ninety individuals controlled the Parliament of Ireland by means of their right to seats in the Upper House and their control of the pocket boroughs which elected members to the Lower House. At the time of the sale of the Irish Parliament a large proportion were English military officers. The Parliament, therefore, did not represent the Irish people, and the Irish people were not responsible for the infamy of its barter and self-destruction. If the Parliament, then, was so non-representative, why did the English deem it worthy of purchase and destruction? The answer is that no local legislative body, however bad, can fail in the exercise of its functions to do some good and to give some aid to local growth and prosperity. Besides, the exercise of its limited powers only whet the appetite of the people for absolute liberty. The existence of an Irish Parliament was an inspiration to Irish nationalism and a threat to English misrule; hence the desire for its destruction. (Applause.)

Bad as Boss Tweed was, his worst enemies cannot deny that in the performance of his duties as practical governor of the city of New York, he was obliged to and did do many good things for that city. The worst common council Chicago ever had, if it ever had a bad one, had to do some good for the city. It had to provide water and sewerage and public schools, and a police and a fire department. Local self-government is the first step towards national independence. It is, therefore, easy to understand why the English government of that day sought and accomplished the destruction of the Irish Parliament.

Mr. Sullivan spoke of Emmet as a Protestant. He said that to an American audience the reference doubtless appeared unnecessary and even indelicate; but in this case it was essential to the proper judgment of Emmet's character that his religion should be stated. He was of the creed which suffered no persecution, and no exclusion from any of the privileges or opportunities of life. The Catholics, on the other hand, were persecuted in every direction. If one of the speaker's race or creed characterized the penal laws which prevailed in Ireland, few unfamiliar with that code of iniquity would give credence to his characterization. He therefore begged the indulgence of his audience while he read from Lecky, a Protestant historian, and an opponent of Irish home rule, a statement of the laws which aroused Emmet's indignation and developed his patriotism. The effect of these laws was to destroy industry, commerce, individuality and self respect. They razed the school house to the ground; they extinguished the furnace and closed the factory; they annihilated the commerce of the country. By enforced idleness they robbed Irish fingers of their cunning and versatility, and Irish brains of their activity and ingenuity. Thus the English government first robbed the Irish of education, and then denounced them as ignorant. It closed all avenues of industry to them, and then declared them idle and incompetent. It reduced them to a nation with but a single means of livelihood—agriculture. And a nation without a diversity of industries is a nation suffering the sentence of pauperism. They made it the interest of the child to betray his brother, to outrage and plunder his father, and they imported what theretofore was strange to Ireland—the element of bigotry. As a result the Irish up to this day, both in their own land and when they come to this one, are ill prepared for the struggles of life, and are not even-handed with their fellow citizens who come from other lands. For a long period of time the Irish who came to this country were almost exclusively laborers. Since the influence of the national schools has been felt, they come chiefly of two classes—the laborers and those fitted for clerical occupations, while the people from other nations come prepared to enter all branches of artizanship and industry which go to make a great nation. The condition and incapacity of the Irish immigrant are frequently cursed. They deserve cursing. The cursing should be loud and deep, but in justice, curse the cause and not the victims. (Applause and cheers.)

The Irish are accused of bigotry. The charge is false, both as to Protestant and Catholic Ireland; yea, it is equally false as to Pagan Ireland. The god of bigotry was imported into Ireland by her English misrulers. Among the names dearest to the Irish heart are Protestant ones. First of these is the name of him in whose honor we are assembled to-night. Among the bravest and foremost champions of Catholic emancipation were such Protestants as Grattan and Wolfe Tone. Catholic O'Connell, under the inspiration of the greatest of his monster meetings, never uttered more eloquent sentences in behalf of Catholic emancipation than were written by Protestant Wolf Tone. Whenever persecution was permitted for a brief period to languish in Ireland, the Protestants and Catholics fraternized, reunited and were equally devoted to nationality. The Irish Protestants were never without leaders in the cause of nationality, and the Catholics have always been ready to accept their leadership. Never, even in ancient days when kingly loyalty was won on the battlefield and subjects followed their king for personal attachment because of his virtues and bravery, did a people with more loyalty and more unquestioned obedience follow monarch than did Irish Catholic Ireland, from her most distinguished hierarchy to her humblest citizen, follow Protestant Parnell during his leadership. (Continued applause.)

The God of bigotry is not an Irish god. By Irish God I do not mean the Catholic or the Protestant or the pagan god, but the God of the Irish nation at all times. Behold the spectacle of this nation falsely accused of bigotry. In the earliest centuries of Christianity her kings assembled in regal pomp and pageantry, surrounded by courtiers and followers. Their assembly was made more imposing by the priests who administered the rites of her pagan church. Suddenly there enters this imposing assemblage an humble missionary, poor as the apostles, and like his and their Master without whereon to lay His head. He seeks and obtains permission to present for their consideration a new faith. He asks them to listen to the story of Christ crucified. They listen and debate, but the debate is patient and tolerant. Much which he says they seem to understand; much they do not understand. They are especially puzzled with his declaration of the doctrine of the trinity, and declare themselves unable to comprehend it. He plucks from its native soil at their feet a shamrock, and holding it aloft exhibits its three leaves, each having a separate existence, while all are attached to and receive life from the same stem; and with it illustrates the Christian theory of the Triune God. The illustration carries conviction to their hearts and minds. And, lo! priests with all their power and influence, surrounded by the gorgeous vestments and jeweled temples of their creed, cast aside all self interest, subdue egotism, sacrifice their power over the minds of kings, urge the people to accept the new creed, and a whole nation is converted from paganism to christianity. The record of this wondrous transformation has no companion page in history.

The Irish God is one the golden glory of whose omnipotent justice has always been made more resplendent by the silvery sweetness of His mercy. The god of bigotry in Ireland is a false and an imported one. (Applause and cheers.)

Resuming consideration of the penal laws and their effects upon the Irish people the speaker said that the inquiries were frequently made, Were not these causes of complaint long since removed? Do not the English people prosper under the legislation of their parliament? And does not the same parliament legislate for Ireland? Turning to the platform the speaker said, many of my professional brothers at the bar and on the bench frequently inquire how the Irish can have just cause of complaint while enjoying the blessings of the glorious old common law. The speaker replied that England had two legal codes, one for exhibition to the world and for her own government, and the other for enforcement in Ireland and India. It was a mistake to assume that the laws of parliament are uniform. Laws are passed to this day from time to time entitled "Acts for England," or for England and Scotland, or for England, Scotland and Wales, and are sure to include Ireland only when they carry with them any burthen. No one had greater respect than he for the humane and heroic judges who gradually reared the common law and strengthened and enlarged its capacity to protect the people against the tyranny and injustice of their rulers, but he begged the audience to remember that the American people once had the opportunity of living under the glorious common law of England. It prevailed over the colonies in 1776; but the wise and patriotic colonists found that in order to enjoy its blessings English officialism and English administration of that magnificent system of law had to be driven from the American soil. It is not true that the laws of England are uniform. A few most significant illustrations will indicate this. The Catholics of Ireland, then about nine-tenths of the population, could not exercise the franchise until 1793. Thirty-six long years elapsed before a Catholic could sit in parliament, and thirty-nine more years elapsed before the Irish were relieved of the obligation to pay tithes to support the established church of England—a church in whose teachings they did not believe, and across whose thresholds they never stepped save to attend a neighbor's funeral.

The inequalities of the suffrage laws were also quoted by the speaker to illustrate how erroneous is the presumption that England's good laws uniformly apply to Ireland. England first impoverished Ireland and then required a higher property qualification for the exercise of the franchise than was required in the richer country—England. In 1832 a number of pocket boroughs in England and Scotland were abolished, but Ireland was not affected. In 1867-8 after a vain attempt by the Liberals, the Tories stole their thunder and succeeded in extending the franchise in England, Scotland and Wales—but not in Ireland. In 1884 and 1885 for the first time the extension of the franchise was made uniform and included Ireland, but even to-day in the registration laws there is a discrimination against Ireland. In England, Scotland and Wales the burthen of proof is on the government to reject the claimant of the franchise. In Ireland the burthen is on the applicant to prove his right to its exercise. The parish councils and the county councils bills—the first steps toward self-government—extend to England, Scotland and Wales, but not to Ireland. The municipalities of England, Scotland and Wales exercise powers denied to Irish cities whose growth is retarded by the fact that parliament retains the control which of right belongs to them, and which their sister cities of England, Scotland and Wales enjoy without dilatory, prejudiced and inquisitorial influence of parliament. It should be borne in mind, however, that none of these delayed extensions to Ireland of the privileges or reliefs referred to was ever granted save under the pressure of the fear of force or obstruction in parliament. Catholic emancipation was reluctantly granted in 1829 by George IV, who was terrorized by O'Connell's monster meetings and the fear of war with the Continental powers. Even with this fear before him he declared in language which would be wholly unbecoming to a plebeian that he would be damned if he would ever sign the bill. I know of no one, said the speaker, who has taken the pains to familiarize himself with the record of this royal reprobate who ever doubted his strict accuracy of statement on that single occasion. Shortly after making it he signed the bill. (Great laughter and applause.)

The disestablishment in 1868, Mr. Gladstone himself confessed, was made possible by Fenianism and the Fenian explosions at Clerkenwell. The placing of Ireland in regard to the franchise on a

[CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

FIFTY-THIRD ENDED.

NATIONAL STATESMEN FINISH UP THEIR LABORS.

Review of the Transactions of the Body—Principal Features Are Those Which Failed—Hawaiian Cable Knocked Out by the House.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The Fifty-third congress has passed out of existence. As the hands of the clock pointed to noon today the gavels in either house came down with a resounding thwack on the respective presiding officers' desks and something over 400 statesmen heaved a heavy sigh of relief and congratulated themselves that it was all over. There were a number of goodbyes said, a few au revoirs, and in a short time silence had possession of the two chambers that since last December had rung with the eloquence of senator and representative. The close of the session was like all other closes—full of hurried conference, of compromise and adjustment of differences on the bills that had to pass—the appropriation bills.

Were Awake in the Early Morn.

It was 2 a. m. yesterday before the two houses that had met Saturday concluded that a recess would not hurt business, but rather, probably, enable the conference committees to make better progress, and so it came about that the congress of the United States was in open session and transacting business at 2 a. m. on Sunday. But to the statesmen it was not Sunday. The session of congress was that of Saturday March 2, continued. With this fiction it is supposed some of the gentlemen who would be horror-struck at the idea of profaning the "Sabbath" eased their consciences and got in their work for their constituents, when they could.

Feature of the Recent Session.

A review of the work of this last session of the Fifty-third congress must necessarily deal more with what was attempted to be done than that which was accomplished. The term has been particularly marked by the inability of the senate and the house to agree upon any of the most important problems presented by them. Congress met on the 4th of December last with one imperative and perennial task, to frame and enact the various appropriation bills. Next in importance was the financial question, for which no definite plan of settlement beyond many free silver bills and various individual schemes were then in view. Several important bills came over as a heritage from the preceding session. Foremost among them were, in the house, the Nicaragua canal bill, the railroad pooling bill and the bill for the settlement of the indebtedness of the Union Pacific railroads.

The Nicaragua canal project has not been able to secure a hearing in the house, although it passed the senate. The pooling bill was passed by the house early in the session, but the senate refused to consider it. Strong opposition to the Reilly bill was developed in the house and after a very sharp debate it was recommitted to the committee without instructions. Then there were several legacies from the first session—the bankruptcy bill, the anti-option bill, the "pop-gun" tariff bills to place sugar, coal, iron and barbed wire on the free list, are the most important—which are left over yet.

FIGHT OVER THE FINANCES.

Lasted All Through the Session and Ended in Nothing Being Done.

The most interesting chapter of the history of the session is made by the attempt at financial legislation in both houses. These are too well known to require recapitulation. No financial legislation has yet resulted from the host of bills introduced during the session with more or less weight of authority behind them. The principal class of legislation accomplished by the short session was that making appropriations for the support of the government. Not a little general legislation was incorporated into the appropriation bills. These bills in the order in which they were passed by the house were: For the military academy (West Point), army, pension, fortifications, diplomatic and consular, District of Columbia, postal, agricultural, Indian, sundry civil, legislative, executive and judicial, navy, and general deficiency.

When the last week of congress began the house had passed all except the general deficiency and the senate had the last four yet to consider. The pension bill, as enacted, contained provisions that pensions shall not be paid to non-residents who are not citizens of the United States, except for actual disabilities incurred in the service, directing examining surgeons to state the ratings to which they think the applicants are entitled, and fixing the lowest rate of pension at $6 a month. The diplomatic and consular bill increased the salaries of several foreign representatives, but the senate amendment for a Hawaiian cable was defeated by the house.

The agricultural bill empowered the secretary of agriculture to enforce rules for the inspection of live cattle whose meat is intended for shipment abroad in any form, and regulations to prevent the shipment of condemned carcasses abroad or from one state to another and fixed heavy penalties for violations of such regulations.

Considerable legislation was included in the sundry civil bill. One amendment provides for the purchase for $150,000 of the site of the Blaine mansion, and another turns the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., into a United States penitentiary for keeping United States prisoners, who have heretofore been held in state prisons under contracts.

The naval bill was notable because of the "new navy" provision for two battle ships and six torpedo boats and the increase of the enlisted force by the addition of 1,000 men. The general deficiency bill reported to the house amounted to $6,519,589. An amendment suggested by the secretary of state to pay the claims of Great Britain for $425,000 damages for seizures of sealers in Behring sea was voted down by the house. The house adopted a joint resolution for an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, but the resolution was killed by the senate.

A senate joint resolution for inquiry into the practicability of deep waterways between the ocean and the great lakes and the bill for the regulation of steam vessels failed to pass the house.

Among important house bills which died was one to punish train wreckers by capital punishment and attempts at train-wrecking by heavy terms of imprisonment. The only legislation affecting the tariff act was a resolution to extend to April 15 the time for making returns to the interrogatories under the income tax sections and modifying the questions to be answered.

BUSINESS DONE AT THE CLOSE.

Points from the Final Action of Congress on Various Measures.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Congress adjourned sine die at noon today, after having passed the appropriation bills. Nearly if not quite every other measure of importance was left over. Beginning the final session on Saturday, recesses were taken in both houses at night that day, at 2 a. m. Sunday and again this morning, when business was nearly concluded. The final gathering was principally to appoint the usual committees to wait on the president, who sent word that he had nothing further to communicate.

In the senate, beyond the routine work on appropriations, but little was done. The credentials of George W. McBride as senator from Oregon were presented, and an executive session was held. A resolution stopping the pronouncement of eulogies on dead senators was adopted, and hereafter they will be printed only in memorial volumes; and another that congress take part in the exercises on the Chicamauga and Chattanooga battlefields at their dedication, passed by the house.

The house agreed finally to the monetary commission and to the appropriation of $5,000,000 to pay the sugar bounty claims. Passed a large number of pension bills, one being for $100 per month to General McClernand, of Illinois, and a bill to reimburse the Washington and Lee university for damages done during the war. An attempt to pay to members the salary deducted for non-attendance was defeated. Outside of this the time was devoted to conference reports until they were all agreed to. During the closing sessions the galleries were crowded during the day and early evening.

Early this morning the house took recess to 8:00 a. m. and the senate to 9:30. The total appropriations this session aggregate $498,952,324.

FATAL COLLAPSES OF BUILDINGS.

Five Men Killed and a Score More or Less Injured at New York.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Two buildings, one in course of construction and one in course of demolition, collapsed in this city and killed five men and fatally injured, or maimed or bruised, nineteen others. The first accident occurred at a house at the corner of Forty-third street and Tenth avenue which was being torn down by some forty laborers. It fell with a crash, carrying several workmen to the basement three floors below, and they were most completely covered by tons of bricks, dry mortar and iron beams. The dead are: Hugh Cullen, Angelo Vicor, John O'Connor and James Malloy. The injured—Pat Curran, Thomas McConnon, Edward Meaney, M. F. Keeley, Louis Stein, Felix Moran and Charles Robson.

Rescuers were soon on hand and worked with almost superhuman vigor to save those not killed and recover the bodies of the dead, until the list was completed as given in the foregoing. In the second accident, without the slightest warning to the fifty men that worked near it, the central wall of the four double tenement houses being erected at 151 to 157 Orchard street crumbled and fell. With the wall went portions of four floors, leaving a great rent fifty feet long and thirty feet wide in the center of the buildings. It was like a pit at the bottom of which was a mass of tangled iron and broken wood that covered many men. From that heap in an hour had been taken out one man dead and twelve injured.

In the crash John Wilson was killed and the following injured: William Wilkinson, back broken; Frank Thornton, badly injured; John Thornton, bodily injuries; —— Gloria, both legs broken; Thomas Wilson, head injured; George Gamble, both legs broken; Joseph Barbara, left leg broken; Frank Barbara, back injured; Joseph Mesire, head injured; Patrick Flaherty, leg injured; Patrick Malloy, back injured; William Malloy, arms bruised.

WILSON IT IS, SURE ENOUGH.

The West Virginia Representative to Take Up Bissell's Work.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—As foreshadowed in these dispatches William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, has been nominated to succeed W. S. Bissell as head of the postoffice department. Wilson has been a staunch defender of President Cleveland's tariff policy ever since it was promulgated. In the four congressional eras of recent tariff changes—the Morrison bill, the Mills bill, the McKinley bill and the Wilson bill—Wilson took a leading part. He did much of the work of constructing the Mills bill and he and Representative Breckinridge started on a successful tour of platform speeches throughout the east, indorsing President Cleveland's tariff revision message.

The nomination was extremely popular among the Democrats—and the Republicans, too, for that matter—and it did not take long for the senate committee in executive session to act. As soon as the session came to order the nomination was read and referred to the committee on postoffices and postroads, and immediately reported back favorably; but no action was taken because the Sioux Falls postmastership stood at the head of the list, and senators interested in this case would not allow any action until this was disposed of. An agreement was reached that an executive session be held at noon today, when Sioux Falls and the postmaster general nomination will be disposed of.

Republican Editorial Association.

CHICAGO, March 5.—The Eighth Congressional District Republican Editorial association met here in annual session. Officers elected are: John E. Dowey, St. Charles, president; M. B. Castle, Sandwich, vice president; A. L. Turner, secretary; F. E. Holmes, Richmond, treasurer. I. A. Constantine and M. E. Walsh were elected delegates to attend the state editorial convention to be held at Springfield.

Nominated by the President.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate: William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, to be postmaster general; Louis M. Buford, of Illinois, to be consul of the United States at Paso del Norte, Mex.; D. B. Spagnoll, of California, to be consul of the United States at Milan, Italy. Ella M. Connolly, postmaster at Red Key, Ind.

The Monetary Commission.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The following have been appointed delegates to the international monetary conference: Senate—Teller, Daniel and Jones; house, Crisp, Culberson and Hitt.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 28.—A bill was introduced in the senate providing for the printing and distribution of ballots at the public expense, the nomination of candidates for public offices, and regulating the manner of holding elections and to enforce the secrecy of the ballot. A bill to provide for "pawners'" societies to loan money on chattel mortgages, was also introduced; also a bill to insure the better education of horse shoers and state supervision of the business. The bill regulating elevated railways was advanced to third reading. In the house the bill to enable counties to build hard roads (a wheelman's bill) was killed by the country members. A bill to regulate the manufacture of beer was introduced. The bill to fix the term of mayors was amended to involve only Chicago.

SPRINGFIELD, March 1.—The senate passed the following bills: Amending the criminal code so as to include the Russian thistle in the Canadian thistle law; for lessening the width of roads by petition. The bill to regulate elevated railways was defeated. The bill providing for levy of tax on foreign insurance companies for local fire departments was advanced to third reading. The house bill limiting the time to contesting wills from three to two years was read a second time and advanced. A resolution was offered protesting against the United States court conducting the whisky trust business through a receiver. It went over. In the house the bill to make mayors' terms four years in cities of 60,000 population and over was engrossed for passage. The bill to prevent minors carrying firearms failed to pass.

SPRINGFIELD, March 2.—The reconsideration of the vote defeating the elevated railways regulating bill was made special order for Wednesday next in the senate. The land title bill was favorably reported. Whisky trust resolution was made special order for Wednesday. Adjourned to Monday evening. In the house a bill amending the weekly payment of wages law was introduced. It provides for men who are not on hand on pay day that they may get their wages thereafter on demand. The amendment also covers a constitutional objection by making the law affect all corporations. A Lexow investigation for Chicago is involved in a resolution introduced by Loewanthal, of Cook, the city council being the object of inquiry, to be made by a committee of five. Adjourned to 5 p. m. Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, March 5.—Only thirty members were present when the house met. Among the bills introduced was one by Weston "to extend the powers of councils in cities and boards of trustees in villages." The senate met and adjourned without transacting any business.

Declared the Bonds Valid.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 5.—A telegram from Washington announces that the United States supreme court has overruled the decision of the United States circuit court for the southern district of Illinois in the case of the Citizens' Savings and Loan association, of Cleveland, O., against the county of Perry, Ills., on railroad aid bonds. The lower court decided that the bonds were invalid, but the supreme court decides they are valid and remands the case to the lower court with an order to render judgment according to the decree. Perry county voted to issue $300,000 bonds in aid of the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute road and the Chester and Camargo Railroad company.

Died Suddenly in His Buggy.

PANA, Ills., Mar. 1.—Roger Ryan, aged 95 years, the oldest man in Christian county, came to Pana and drew money out of the bank to pay his taxes. Entering a buggy with his son he started home. When but a short distance from his residence he suddenly fell over and expired without a moment's warning. The physician called pronounced the cause apoplexy. Ryan was well-to-do.

Illinois Prohibition Conference.

SPRINGFIELD, March 1.—The Illinois Prohibition conference is in session here. J. H. Shaw, of Bloomington, secretary of the state central committee, says it is the most successful meeting of the character ever held in the state. Prominent Prohibitionists from all parts of the state are present.

Smallpox at Mattoon.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 5.—The state board of health is notified of the existence of smallpox at Mattoon. Peter Mason and wife returned from Hot Springs, Ark., to Mattoon, and Mason was taken sick and died. Mrs. Mason is now ill. The cases are pronounced smallpox.

Notes of the State.

Attorney General Maloney of Illinois, in an opinion given the railroad and warehouse commissioners says elevator owners cannot deal in grain through their own houses.

Attorney John Culbertson, of Peoria, Ills., has been acquitted of the charge of attempting to tamper with a jury.

William Farron was struck and killed by a freight train on the Burlington road at Peoria, Ills.

Chief Clerk George F. Lovell of the Eastern Illinois hospital at Kankakee, Ills., has resigned. He has been connected with the institution since 1874.

General John McNulta has consented to be a candidate for department commander of the Illinois Grand Army of the Republic.

Officers of the hydrographic bureau say the Illinois drainage canal will materially lower the level of the great lakes.

At Carlyle, Ills., a pit boss who had betrayed the secrets of the Breeze Future Coal company to the men was discharged. The miners laid down their tools and refused to work until he was reinstated.

In the Illinois legislature a bill has been introduced calculated to suppress vile and sensational publications.

Illinois legislators are considering a proposition to investigate official corruption in the Chicago city council.

Power House Burned.

CHICAGO, March 4.—The electric power house of the Chicago and North Shore electric railway at Edgewater was destroyed by fire. The majority of the motor cars were consumed. The loss is placed at $150,000. For a time the residences half a block away were in danger from the flames, owing to the prevailing high wind.

CITY ELECTIONS IN IOWA.

Returns Show That the Results Are Somewhat Mixed.

IOWA CITY, March 5.—The municipal election was quiet. Four of the five wards elect Republican aldermen. The Republican candidate for mayor was defeated. The Republican candidate for city solicitor was elected. Samuel Sharpless, the oldest alderman, and conspicuous on the finance committee, was re-elected and was stricken with paralysis last night.

LYONS, March 5.—The election was quiet and a fair vote polled. D. Whitney, Republican-Citizens' ticket, was elected mayor; treasurer, J. H. Schneider, Democrat; city attorney, W. E. Russell, Republican; assessor, William D. Lecham, Republican. Republicans elect two out of four aldermen by fair majorities.

CLINTON, March 5.—The election was quiet. Niss Nissen, Democrat, was elected alderman-at-large; C. D. May, Democrat, alderman, Second ward; Patterson Rowe, Republican, First ward. No other offices to be filled.

OTTUMWA, Ia., March 5.—The city election was hotly contested LaForce, Republican for mayor, is undoubtedly elected by 50 majority. The balance of the Republican ticket is elected except police judge.

CEDAR RAPIDS, March 5.—George A. Lincoln, Republican, was elected mayor; majority, 1,731; no opposition save the Populist candidate. Republicans elect seven of eight aldermen.

BOONE, March 5.—The city election was the hottest ever fought in Boone and resulted in the election of A. S. Farrow for mayor; T. E. Means, assessor; S. L. Moore, treasurer, and O. M. Brackett, solicitor. The election was non-partisan.

SIOUX CITY, March 5.—The entire Republican ticket was elected at the election, the head of the ticket having twenty-five majority. Only aldermen were elected.

WATERLOO, March 5.—The contest was spirited in the city election. J. M. Groat was elected mayor by a majority of 371 out of a total vote of 1,600. The license faction elected two out of four aldermen, and one is in doubt.

BURLINGTON, March 5.—The Democrats elected three out of five aldermen. The mayor holds over.

MARSHALLTOWN, March 5.—Four candidates for mayor—Pierce, Grumme, Stotts and Shurts. Pierce was elected by 130 plurality over Grumme. Pierce is probably the youngest mayor in the state, not yet 25.

ONE HUNDRED KILLED.

Frightful Railway Wreck Occurs Down in Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, via Galveston, March 1.—An excursion train coming into the city on the Inter-Oceanic railroad met with an accident yesterday afternoon. While rounding a curve on the side of a mountain five coaches jumped the track and went down the canon. Forty-two people were killed and thirty or more seriously injured.

The accident occurred about forty kilometers from this city. Wires have been down and it has been impossible so far to obtain any details of the awful disaster.

Later reports say 100 persons were killed in the wreck, but as it has not yet been cleared up the exact death list is not known.

Miss Leiter to Wed an M. P.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Leiter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, of Dupont Circle, Washington, and Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P. Mr. Curzon has represented Southport, Lancashire, in parliament since 1886 and was under-secretary to India in 1891-1892. He is the author of "Russia in Central Asia," "Problems of the Far East" and "Persia," a fellow of All Souls' college, Oxford, and the oldest son of Lord Scarsdale and was born in 1859.

Coffins Get a New Trial.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The case of Francis A. and Percival B. Coffin, who were indicted in Indiana in 1893 on fifty counts for complicity in the failure of the Indianapolis National bank, was decided by the supreme court. The contention of the defendants that no one not an officer of the bank could be convicted for complicity was not sustained, but the refusal of the judge to charge that there existed a presumption of innocence was overruled and a new trial ordered.

Death of Coup the Circus Man.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 5.—W. C. Coup, of circus fame, died of pneumonia in St. Luke's hospital yesterday.

Million Dollar Fire at Toronto.

TORONTO, March 4.—Fire burned three corners of Queen and Yonge streets. Loss $1,000,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 4.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent. nominal y. Prime mercantile paper 3½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489@489¼ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days.

Silver certificates, 60½@61; no sales; bar silver, 60¼. Mexican dollars, 48½.

United States government bonds, 5's reg. 115¼; 5's coupons 115¼; 4's reg. 111¼; 4's coupons 112¾; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 2.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—March, opened 52½c, closed 52½c; May, opened 54¾c, closed 54¾c; July, opened 55¼c, closed 55¾c. Corn—March, nominal, closed 43c; May, opened 44½c, closed 44¾c; July, opened 44¾c, closed 44¾c. Oats—March, nominal, closed 28½c; May, opened 29½c, closed 29½c; June, opened, 29c, closed 29c. Pork—May, opened $10.37½, closed $10.52½. Lard—May, opened $5.90, closed $5.97½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; fresh dairy, 15c; packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21c per doz, loss off. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 9½c per lb; turkeys, 9@10½c; ducks, 9@13c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, good to choice, 53@57c per bu; Hebrons, 60@61c; Early Rose, 58@60c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@2.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained, California, 6@6c. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.50@4.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 4.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 41,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.05 pigs, $3.35@4.15 light, $3.90@4.30 rough packing, $3.90@4.30 mixed, and $4.10@4.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,500; quotations ranged at $3.30@4.90 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.45 good to choice do, $4.25@4.65 fair to good, $3.85@4.40 common to medium do, $3.40@4.05 butchers' steers, $2.50@4.35 stockers, $3.30@4.25 feeders, $2.40@3.35 cows, $3.00@4.25 heifers, $2.00@4.50 bulls, $3.00@4.75 Texas steers, and $2.25@5.50 veal calves.

BRIDE OF A COUNT.

ANNA GOULD THE WIFE OF A NOBLEMAN OF FRANCE.

Daughter of Jay Gould, with Millions in Her Own Right, Married Amid Luxurious Surroundings at the Residence of Her Brother George.

NEW YORK, March 4.—At noon today, under a canopy of royal purple, Miss Anna Gould was wedded to Count Paul Ernest Boniface de Castellane. The ceremony was performed in the East Indian room of the Gould mansion, which had been converted into a veritable garden of beauty. The wedding procession formed in the library, just above the oriental room, and from there passed through the great hall, hung with garland of asparagus vine, entwining lilies of the valley and white roses and Easter lilies, while the walls of the adjoining rooms were banked high with thousands of American beauty roses, and blossoms of every description.

ANNA GOULD.

Wedding Procession and Bridal Gown.

Archbishop Corrigan officiated and the bridal party was formed as follows: First came the ushers, Prince del Drago, Raoul Duval, Brockholst Cutting and Howard Gould; following them came Miss Anna Gould, with her brother George Gould; the little pages, Masters Kingdon and Jay Gould, bore the bride's train, and after them came the bridesmaids, the Misses Helen Gould, Beatrice Richardson, Catherine Cameron and Adelaide Montgomery. The wedding gown was of heavy ivory white satin. The corsage was high in the neck and surpliced in effect, with one side of shirred satin and the other of thread lace in duchesse pattern. The lace fell in graceful lines over the shoulder, meeting a folded belt, which girdled the waist and fastened at the back with a bow and twist of satin.

COUNT CASTELLANE.

Clusters of Orange Blossoms.

The sleeves were full and long, being fastened at the wrist with four tiny satin buttons. The skirt was circular in shape, falling in deep, full folds from the belt and ending in a magnificent train measuring three yards. The train formed a double box-plait at the waist line, which flared into graceful folds at its termination. A ruffle of thread lace twelve inches deep was draped from the left side, making a point at the hem of the skirt, continuing about the lower edge of it until it reached the right side of the train. Clusters of orange blossoms without leaves were fastened at intervals upon the garniture both of the corsage and skirt. The bridesmaids' costumes were of cream white cloth trimmed in sable and were be worn with picture hats of black chiffon.

Wedding Gift for the Bride.

Count de Castellane had made at Dreicer's a brooch, which was a wedding gift for his bride. The design is a fleur de lis, the royalist flower of France. The foundation is of platinum and imbedded in it are 125 diamonds of various sizes. The brooch is to be used as a tiara also. A ruby bracelet of odd pattern and unique conception is the accompanying gift. The count as a valentine sent his betrothed an emerald bracelet, which merits attention on account of its great beauty and also because it corresponded in a measure with the necklace presented by the marquise. A coronet adorns all the jewel caskets which contain gifts for the bride. This device is also embossed upon the white velvet cases in which the bridesmaids' pins were placed.

Pink, white and green were the prevailing colors in the decorations of the rooms, made with an appreciation of beauty that would do credit to an artist's brush. In an alcove jutting off from the eastern room the bridal couple, after the nuptials, received the congratulations of their friends. This alcove was festooned with lilies and white roses, and a cornucopia was suspended from the arch by twisted ropes of flowers.

Few Invitations Issued.

While the arrangements for the wedding were on a magnificent scale, the number of invitations issued was small, only relatives and intimate friends having been so honored. Every precaution, too, had been taken to prevent any encroachment by the uninvited, who it was believed would undoubtedly make a formidable assemblage in front of the Fifth avenue mansion.

Just as the marriage was being performed 1,000 poor children were feasting at the industrial schools of the city on the good things provided by the generosity of the bride and her sister, Miss Helen Gould. The Count de Castellane and Miss Anna Gould entertained a few friends at luncheon in the Plaza hotel yesterday afternoon.

The Count and Countess de Castellane will spend the time between the wedding celebration and the sailing of the New York on Wednesday at Lyndhurst. Part of the honeymoon will be spent at the Turin estates of the Marquise de Castellane.

Strong Evidence Against Harry Hayward.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 4.—The principal witness introduced by the state in the Hayward trial was George W. Jenks, a broker, who swore that on the night of the murder he saw a man running along the avenue at Lorring Park as if to catch the car. When the car slowed up the man quit running. He said he was almost sure it was Harry Hayward, whom he identified by his gait, having since watched him as he walked to and from the jail. As he testified Harry exclaimed, "You're a liar," loud enough to be heard by the jury. The time was about 7:10, which fits in with the rest of the case of the state. After the court adjourned Harry threatened to send Adry to the penitentiary, if he was convicted, for burning houses for the insurance.

Stole a Long Distance Telephone.

CHICAGO, March 4.—Some one walked into the lobby of the Sherman house, unfastened the telephone in one of the long-distance booths, and walked out with it. So far neither the police nor the telephone people have found either the instrument or the thief.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 27.

Professor J. A. Smith, of the University of Chicago, has been elected to the chair of mathematics in Shurtleff college at Alton.

Salt Lake City had a population of 47,930 on Jan. 1, an increase of 3,137 since the federal census of 1890.

Assistant Secretary Reynolds has decided that a muster-in is not essential to the pensionable status of a soldier who has been regularly, according to military law, enlisted in the military service of the government.

C. Farnum & Son, extensive leather dealers of Providence, R. I., have assigned with heavy liabilities.

A carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Delhanty was run down by a train at Oakland, Cal., and Mrs. Delhanty killed.

The Rev. Dr. T. T. Stone of Boston, Mass., the oldest living graduate of Bowdoin college, celebrated his 94th birthday recently.

Thursday, Feb. 28.

The federal relations committee of the California senate has decided to report favorably a joint resolution inviting the national conventions to meet at Sacramento in 1896.

Superintendent Byrnes is to continue at the head of the New York police department. His powers will be almost unlimited.

At Portland, Ore., State Senator McGinn was called a sneak by Sheriff Sears and responded with his right on Sears' jaw. Sears then struck McGinn between the eyes with a revolver; and then friends interfered.

Robert Haight & Co., the oldest commission firm in San Francisco, have failed with estimated liabilities of between $60,000 and $70,000, and assets of $50,000.

River miners held a convention at Monongahela City, Pa., and decided to strike for the old 69-cent rate.

It is "officially" denied that Mrs. Cleveland has joined the W. C. T. U.

Friday, Mar. 1.

Charles L. Fair, of San Francisco, has received two letters offering to tell where his father's stolen will is for a large money consideration to the writer.

Republicans of the Tenth Illinois congressional district at Galva nominated George W. Prince, of Galesburg, for congress on the 1,476th ballot.

Rear Admiral Greer has been retired and Rear Admiral Brown is now senior officer of the navy.

The Missouri legislature has voted down bills to prohibit Sunday base ball games, theaters and similar amusements. The anti-cigarette bill has been defeated in the senate.

Leroy Fernald, who murdered his mother at East Lebanon, Me., was found dead in his cell. He was insane.

The Tudor Iron works at East St. Louis has resumed work in the spike and bar mills. The new men are lodged on the premises, while a high fence has been built and guards placed to protect the works from strikers.

Saturday, Mar. 2.

A remarkable duel has been fought in France, between Editor Percher and M. le Cheatelier, a marine officer. The editor was killed.

Hanged by the sheriff—At Plattsmouth, Neb., Harry Hill, for the murder of Matthew Akeson, farmer, Nov. 1, 1893; at Frankfort, Ky., George Magee, colored, for murdering a fellow convict; at Fairburn, Ga., Joe Dean, negro, for the murder of A. B. Leigh, a farmer.

The Japs have won two more victories over the Chinese with the usual ease.

Andrew Kunza, who was injured in a row at a Polish wedding at Elmdale, Minn., on Tuesday morning, is dead. Five men arrested on the charge of assault will be held for murder.

At the annual Iowa oratorical contest at Mount Pleasant Miss Ethel Brown, of Oskaloosa college, secured first place; O. M. Cloud, of Lennox college, second, and George C. Clammer, of Simpson college, third.

Monday, Mar. 4.

Secretary Gresham will deliver the address at Galena, Ills., on the celebration of Grant's birthday there, April 27 next.

Three convicts attempted to escape from a rock quarry near Folsom, Cal., by making a dash up the cliffs. The single guard, Ellis, brought all three down with five shots from his rifle. One of the convicts is probably fatally hurt.

The latest cabinet rumor from England is that Rosebery will resign the premiership within a very short time, owing to ill-health. He is much troubled by insomnia.

A committee of men and women from eastern Colorado is at Chicago asking aid for destitute people in the eastern part of that state. The first need of all is said to be feed for live stock.

Three young ladies—Misses Hettie and Mamie Logan and Linda Fields—were drowned while out skating on Pound river, in Buchanan county, Virginia.

Tuesday, Mar. 5.

Fall River mills for the last quarter of 1894 paid $200,425 dividends on a capital stock of $21,018,000, an average of 1.37 per cent.

The students of the State Normal school at Ypsilanti, Mich., are in rebellion against the principal, Professor Boone, for alleged unfair treatment of two of their number.

Fifty Milwaukee paupers struck because they were ordered to unload coal cars at the county hospital.

James Broyles shot and mortally wounded Mrs. William Adams, colored, at a Sacramento hotel and then killed himself.

The Past

Quarantees

The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich, healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, and builds up the whole system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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CHAPTER VII.

Before guard mounting, almost half an hour before his usual time for appearing at the office, Colonel Maynard hurried into his desk, sent the orderly for Captain Chester, and then the clerks in the sergeant major's room heard him close and lock the door. As the subject of the shooting was already under discussion among the men there assembled, this action on the part of the chief was considered highly significant. It was hardly five minutes before Chester came, looked surprised at finding the door locked, knocked and was admitted.

The look on the haggard face at the desk, the dumb misery in the eyes, the wrath and horror in it all, carried him back 20 years to that gloomy morning in the casemates when the story was passed around that Captain Maynard had lost a wife and an intimate friend during the previous night. Chester saw at a glance that, despite his precautions, the blow had come, the truth been revealed at one fell swoop.

"Lock the door again, Chester, and come here. I have some questions to ask you."

The captain silently took the chair which was indicated by a wave of the colonel's hand and waited. For a moment no word more was spoken. The old soldier, white and trembling strangely, reseated himself at the desk and covered his face with his hands. Twice he drew them with feebly stroking movement over his eyes, as though to rally the stunned faculties and face the trying ordeal. Then a shiver passed through his frame, and with sudden lift of the head he fixed his gaze on Chester's face and launched the question:

"Chester, is there any kindness to a man who has been through what I have in telling only half a tale, as you have done?"

The captain colored red. "I am at a loss to answer you, colonel," he said after brief reflection. "You know far more than you did half an hour ago, and what I knew I could not bear to tell you as yet."

"My God, my God! Tell me all and tell me at once. Here, man, if you need stimulant to your indignation and cannot speak without it, read this. I found it, open, among the rosebushes in the garden, where she must have dropped it when out there with you. Read it. Tell me what it means, for, God knows, I can't believe such a thing of her."

He handed Chester a sheet of note paper. It was moist and blurred on the first page, but the inner pages, though damp, were in good condition. The first, second and third pages were closely covered in a bold, nervous hand that Chester knew well. It was Jerrold's writing beyond a doubt, and Chester's face grew hot as he read, and his heart turned cold as stone when he finished the last hurried line:

MY DARLING—I must see you, if only for a moment, before you leave. Do not let this alarm you, for the more I think the more I am convinced it is only a bluff, but Captain Chester discovered my absence early this morning when spying around as usual, and now he claims to have knowledge of our secret. Even if he was on the terrace when I got back it was too dark for him to recognize me, and it seems impossible that he can have got any real clew. He suspects, perhaps, and thinks to force me to confession, but I would guard your name with my life. Be wary. Act as though there were nothing on earth between us, and if we cannot meet until then I will be at the depot with the others to see you off, and will then have a letter ready with full particulars and instructions. It will be in the first thing I hand to you. Hide it until you can safely read it. Your mother must not be allowed a glimmer of suspicion, and then you are safe. As for me, even Chester cannot make the colonel turn against me now. My jealous one, my fiery sweetheart, do you not realize now that I was wise in showing her so much attention? A thousand kisses. Come what may, they cannot rob us of the past.

HOWARD.

I fear you heard and were alarmed by the shots just after I left you. All was quiet when I got home.

It was some seconds before Chester could control himself sufficiently to speak. "I wish to God the bullet had gone through his heart!" he said.

"It has gone through mine—through mine! This will kill her mother. Chester," cried the colonel, springing suddenly to his feet, "she must not know it. She must not dream of it. I tell you it would stretch her in the dust, dead, for she loves that child with all her strength, with all her being, I believe, for it is two mother loves in one. She had a son, older than Alice by several years, her firstborn—her glory he was—but the boy inherited the father's passionate and impulsive nature. He loved a girl utterly beneath him and would have married her when he was only 20. There is no question that he loved her well, for he refused to give her up, no matter what his father threatened. They tried to buy her off, and she scorned them. Then they had a letter written, while he was sent abroad under pretense that he should have his will if he came back in a year unchanged. By Jove, it seems she was as much in love as he, and it broke her heart. She went off and died somewhere, and he came back ahead of time because her letters had ceased and found it all out. There was an awful scene. He cursed them both—father and mother—and left her senseless at his feet, and from that day to this they never heard of him, never could get the faintest report. It broke Renwick—killed him, I guess, for he died in two years, and, as for the mother, you would not think that a woman so apparently full of life and health was in desperate danger. She had some organic trouble with the heart years ago, they tell her, and this experience has developed it so that now any great emotion or sudden shock is perilous. Do you not see how doubly fearful this comes to us? Chester, I have weathered one awful storm, but I'm old and broken now. This—this beats me. Tell me what to do."

The captain was silent a few moments. He was thinking intently.

"Does she know you have that letter?" he asked.

Maynard shook his head. "I looked back as I came away. She was in the parlor singing softly to herself at the very moment I picked it up, lying open as it was right there among the roses, the first words staring me in the face. I meant not to read it—never dreamed it was for her—and had turned over the page to look for the superscription. There was none, but there I saw the signature and that postscript about the shots. That startled me, and I read it here just before you came and then could account for your conduct—something I could not do before. God of heaven, would any man believe it of her? It is incredible! Chester, tell me everything you know now—even everything you suspect. I must see my way clear."

And then the captain, with halting and reluctant tongue, told his story—how he had stumbled on the ladder back of the colonel's quarters and learned from No. 5 that some one had been prowling back of bachelors' row; how he returned there afterward, found the ladder at the side wall and saw the tall form issue from her window; how he had given chase and been knocked breathless, and of his suspicions and Leary's as to the identity of the stranger.

The colonel bowed his head still deeper and groaned aloud. But he had still other questions to ask.

"Did you see—any one else at the window?"

"Not while he was there."

"At any time, then—before or after?" And the colonel's eyes would take no denial.

"I saw," faltered Chester, "nobody. The shade was pulled up, while I was standing there, after I had tripped on the ladder. I supposed the noise of my stumble had awakened her."

"And was that all? Did you see nothing more?"

"Colonel, I did see afterward a woman's hand and arm closing the shade."

"My God! And she told me she slept the night through—never waked or heard a sound!"

"Did you hear nothing yourself, colonel?"

"Nothing. When she came home from the party, she stopped a moment, saying something to him at the door, then came into the library and kissed me good night. I shut up the house and went to bed about half past 12, and her door was closed when I went to our room."

"So there were two closed doors, yours and hers, and the broad hall between you?"

"Certainly. We have the doors open all night that lead into the rear rooms and their windows. This gives us abundant air. Alice always has the hall door closed at night."

"And Mrs. Maynard, was she asleep?"

"No. Mrs. Maynard was lying awake and seemed a little restless and disturbed. Some of the women had been giving her some hints about Jerrold and fretting her. You know she took a strange fancy to him at the start. It was simply because he reminded her so strongly of the boy she had lost. She told me so. But after a little she began to discover traits in him she did not like, and then his growing intimacy with Alice worried her. She would have put a stop to the doctor's party, to her going with him, I mean, but the engagement was made some days ago. Two or three days since she warned Alice not to trust him, she says, and it is really as much on this as any other account that we decided to get her away, off to see her Aunt Grace. Oh, God! How blind we are! How blind we are!" And poor old Maynard bowed his head and almost groaned aloud.

"I saw the signature and that postscript about the shots."

Chester rose, and in his characteristic way began tramping nervously up and down. There was a knock at the door. "The adjutant's compliments, and 'twas time for guard mount. Would the colonel wish to see him before he went out?" asked the orderly.

"I ought to go, sir," said Chester. "I am old officer of the day, and there will be just time for me to get into full uniform."

"Let them go on without you," said Maynard. "I cannot spare you now. Send word to that effect. Now—now about this man—this Jerrold. What is the best thing we can do? Of course I know what he most deserves, but what is the best thing under all the circumstances? Of course my wife and Alice will leave today. She was still sleeping when I left, and, pray God, is not dreaming of this. It was nearly 2 before she closed her eyes last night, and I, too, slept badly. You have seen him. What does he say?"

"Denies everything—everything—challenges me to prove that he was absent from his house more than five minutes—indeed, I could not, for he may have come in just after I left—and pretended utter ignorance of my meaning when I accused him of striking me before I ordered the sentry to fire. Of course it is all useless now. When I confront him with this letter, he must give in. Then let him resign and get away as quietly as possible before the end of the week. No one need know the causes. Of course shooting is what he deserves, but shooting demands explanation. It is better for your name, hers and all that he should be allowed to live than that the truth were suspected, as it would be if he were killed. Indeed, sir, if I were you, I would take them to Sablon, keep them away for a fortnight and leave him to me. It may be even judicious to let him go on with all his duties as though nothing had happened, as though he had simply been absent from reveille, and let the whole matter drop like that until all remark and curiosity are lulled; then you can send her back to Europe or the east—time enough to decide on that—but I will privately tell him he must quit the service in six months and show him why. It isn't the way it ought to be settled, it probably isn't the way Armitage would do it, but it is the best thing that occurs to me. One thing is certain. You and they ought to get away at once, and he should not be permitted to see her again. I can run the post a few days and explain matters after you go."

The colonel sat in wretched silence a few moments. Then he arose:

"If it were not for her danger—her heart—I would never drop the matter here—never! I would see it through to the bitter end. But you are probably right as to the prudent course to take. I'll get them away on the noon train. He thinks they do not start until later. Now I must go and face it. My God, Chester, could you look at that child and realize it? Even now, even now, sir, I believe—I believe some way—somehow—she is innocent."

"God grant it, sir!"

And then the colonel left the office, avoiding, as has been told, a word with any man. Chester buttoned the telltale letter in an inner pocket, after having first folded the sheet lengthwise, and then inclosed it in a long official envelope. The officers, wondering at the colonel's distraught appearance, had come thronging in, hoping for information, and then had gone, unsatisfied and disgusted, practically turned out by their crabbed senior captain. The ladies, after chatting aimlessly about the quadrangle for half an hour, had decided that Mrs. Maynard must be ill, and while most of them awaited the result two of their number went to the colonel's house and rang the bell. A servant appeared. "Mrs. Maynard wasn't very well this morning and was breakfasting in her room, and Miss Alice was with her, if the ladies would please excuse them." And so the emissaries returned unsuccessful. Then, too, as we have seen, despite his good intention of keeping matters hushed as much as possible, Chester's nervous irritability had got the better of him, and he had made damaging admissions to Wilton of the existence of a cause of worriment and perplexity, and this Wilton told without compunction. And then there was another excitement that set all tongues wagging. Every man had heard what Chester said; that Mr. Jerrold must not quit the garrison until he had first come and seen the temporary commanding officer, and Hall had speedily carried the news to his friend.

"Are you ready to go?" asked Mr. Jerrold, who was lacing his boots in the rear room.

"No. I've got to go and get into 'cits' first."

"All right. Go and be lively! I'll wait for you at Murphy's, beyond the bridge, provided you say nothing about it."

"You don't mean you are going against orders?"

"Going? Of course I am. I've got old Maynard's permission, and if Chester means to revoke it he's got to get his adjutant here inside of 10 seconds. What you tell me isn't official. I'm off now!"

And when the adjutant returned to Captain Chester it was with the information that he was too late. Mr. Jerrold's dogcart had crossed the bridge five minutes earlier.

Perhaps an hour later the colonel sent for Chester, and the captain went to his house. The old soldier was pacing slowly up and down the parlor floor.

"I wanted you a moment. A singular thing has happened. You know that 'directoire' cabinet photo of Alice? My wife always kept it on her dressing table, and this morning it's gone. That frame—the silver filigree thing—was found behind a sofa pillow in Alice's room, and she declares she has no idea how it got there. Chester, is there any new significance in this?"

The captain bowed assent.

"What is it?"

"That photograph was seen by Major Sloat in Jerrold's bureau drawer at reveille this morning."

And such was the situation at Sibley the August day the colonel took his wife and her lovely daughter to visit Aunt Grace at Lake Sablon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TREMENDOUS PRESSURE.

A Machine on the Hydraulic Principle, but Using Oil Instead of Water.

The reporter went the other day to see a wonderful machine, a machine which is not only a prodigious and terrible piece of enginery, but an allegory. It is called a testing machine, and it is used to ascertain the resisting power of various materials. It is not content with finding out that a beam of oak, for instance, will bear without breaking a pressure on one spot of 160,000 pounds. The beam must be utterly crushed each time the test is made, and note must be taken of the exact weight that lay upon it at the moment of its final dissolution. Day after day this great machine heaves and strains itself and bears down with slow and awful force upon some tough beam or block of wood, and whether the timber is placed flatwise and needs, say, but a paltry 75 tons to crush it, or whether it be placed endwise, like a pillar, and will hold up twice as much weight before it cries out and gives up the ghost, it must yield just the same and surrender its pitiful, crushed frame to be photographed and studied and picked to pieces for the benefit of science. That is all very interesting, you may say, but it is a mere piece of brute machinery. Where is the allegory that you told us of? That lies in the thing by the force of which this monstrous pressure is exerted. It is oil. Nothing but suave, gentle, yielding oil, the emblem of softness and agreeableness.

There is a certain piston in this mechanism which, pressing against a quantity of oil in a confined space, forces this oil against another iron surface, which in turn presses forward upon the timber so that all this crushing power is exerted by the medium of nothing but oil. As you watch the machine, even in the most exciting moment of the culmination of its crushing force, you cannot but be conscious that it is the oil that is doing it. The master stands over his great machine, his pupils grouped about. It lies down flat on its great back, like a giant bracing his shoulder against a rock to push with his feet.

The thing which he is pushing against is a beam of seasoned oak, about 10 inches square, and the thing with which he is pushing is another and lengthwise square beam of oak, the end of which is directly against the side of the beam to be crushed. Off at one side, apparently unconnected with the machine, but in reality connected with it, is an apparatus where there are levers, comparable with the throttle valve of a locomotive, and a gauge which registers accurately the pressure that is being exerted. A young learner stands at these levers and this gauge, and when the master says, "Turn on more oil," he moves a lever, and the pressure rises. Seventy thousand pounds, 80,000 pounds, it rises rapidly. The lengthwise beam is sinking itself deep into the side of the victim timber, but this still holds out bravely. The pressure rises to 90,000—100,000 pounds. The watchers all gather around the center of the pressure in anticipation of the catastrophe; the lengthwise timber is squeezing into the solid oak of the other one as one's thumb might be driven into a piece of cheese.

But still it holds. Little by little the power is turned on. The young man at the gauge calls "120,000," "130,000," "140,000," "150,000." You hear the snapping of a myriad of tendons within the beam, and all these sounds join in a sort of low buzzing roar or cry, which suggests an elemental agony. One hundred and sixty thousand pounds—the beam sinks deeper into the flesh of its victim; 170,000. "More oil!" calls the master, and now the crackle rises—the lengthwise beam itself begins to crack, and the other beam, yielding at last, seems to go to pieces all at once, and when the pressure is removed it is taken out, twisted, contorted, riven, pierced, crushed.

It is useful service, after all, though it seems but an exhibition of the brutality of mere mechanism, that the testing machine and its bed of oil have done, for since the master began the work with it he has proved that timbers will stand only about half the weight which the accepted authorities said they would stand, and by introducing a more conservative weighting of wood he has doubtless saved many human lives from destruction by the collapse of timbered structures.—Boston Transcript.

Newfoundland.

Not only have her mother and sisters been unkind, but even the elements of nature have been spiteful to Newfoundland. A fog worse than the London veil continually frowns upon her shores. The fiercest storms of the continent buffet her. Sinister icebergs hover about her harbors and threaten her fishing craft. Frequent conflagrations make havoc with her antique, combustible buildings, making her poverty still more grinding. Though Newfoundland is bigger than Ireland and nearly as large as all New England, very little of her territory is of use to her. The interior is either marshy or rocky, and the difficulty of building roads through such a country keeps back agriculture. Untold mineral riches, however, are believed to be awaiting development, and her untouched beds of peat are sufficient to supply with good fuel many times the population of the colony.

The cod is the great bulwark of provincial prosperity. The seal comes next, for Bering sea is not the only home of this animal. The fish industry is so predominant that the pedestrian on the sidewalks of the coast towns passes under an endless arbor of drying fish.—Boston Transcript.

A Dumas Anecdote.

In the days of his affluence some one came to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

"What was he?" inquired Dumas.

"A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower.

Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand: "You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em!"

A MARVEL OF LONDON.

The Admirable Manner In Which Its Street Traffic Is Handled.

It has long been a marvel that, although foreigners sojourning in London have accustomed themselves to praise the skill with which the street traffic of this world city is handled, yet none of them has carried the lesson home and put it into practice in his own town. There is no secret in the matter. The information can be had for the asking, and they that dwell in towns will be the gainers by it. Well, then, how did it come about?

Go to Hyde park corner any day in the season and watch the streams of traffic as they flow in and out of the open space around the Wellington statue—thousands of cabs, omnibuses, drays, private carriages, hand barrows, dogcarts, bicycles—every sort of thing that can go on wheels. Chaos would come again if it were not for a policeman here, another there and one at the opposite corner.

Hamilton place, at the bottom of Park lane, pours a strong current into Piccadilly. Two policemen get you through it without so much as a sneeze, a wink or a loss of breath! Without the two policemen there would be no getting through. One of them controls the traffic entering Hamilton place; the other controls the traffic leaving it. A motion of the hand stops the stream in Piccadilly and lets the stream from Hamilton place flow in, or vice versa. No matter who you are, or what you are driving in, or in how great a hurry you may be—cabman or costermonger, duke driving a four-in-hand, coachman of a prince, with his royal highness impatiently waiting in his red lined carriage—you must stop when the policeman's hand is raised, and you may not go on again until it is lowered.

Break the rule, and you shall see what happens—a summons to the police court and a fine, whether you are coster, cabman, duke or his high mightiness himself. Is this autocracy or democracy? Call it what you choose, it is good management. Without it London would be impossible, because it would be impassable.

There is no "slanging," no "sassing back," no picturesque objurgation of any sort. If you make a disturbance, so much the worse for you, not for your bones, or for your flesh, but for your convenience and your pocketbook, and peradventure your reputation as a peaceable subject. The policeman does not flourish a "billy." He does not carry one. He does not abuse you or lay hands upon you. He is imperturbable, and he produces a notebook and takes down your name and address, wishes you good morning, and the next day you are summoned to the police court. There is no shilly shally. The whole thing is done on the principle of paying the piper if you choose to dance.—Boston Herald.

Attacked by a Rhinoceros.

The author of "Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie" had shot a zebra, and his men were making ready to cut it up, when two rhinoceroses appeared in the distance. Apparently the firing of the gun had disturbed their nap and made them thoroughly angry.

Though more than 400 paces off, the rhinoceroses swerved aside when they saw us and then dashed upon us with the speed of race horses. As usual, my black companions took to their heels, making for a solitary tree some distance off. It was hopeless for me to think of reaching it, and there was not so much as a blade of straw for cover anywhere. And behind the dead zebra, which would have been better than nothing, three of my men were already crouching.

There was nothing for it but to brave the situation out, so I knelt on one knee, the better to take aim, and with my elephant gun in hand waited to fire till I could hope to kill. It seemed a long time before I could cover the shoulder of either of the huge beasts, and I knew any other shot would be useless. The result was that I did not pull the trigger till one of the animals was only some eight or ten paces off.

It staggered and fell, but the next moment was on its feet again. It was not killed, but its ardor was cooled, for it turned away, followed by its companion. Twice it seemed about to fall, and I did not think a second shot would be necessary, but it got away with undiminished speed, and though we followed it for some distance we lost it.

Plea For Second Class Cars.

William Gates, the veteran ticket agent, is of the opinion that America could profit by adopting at least one feature of European railway service. "I believe that we would secure a large amount of travel which we do not now secure by adopting the second class feature," said he. "The luxurious manner in which our large sleepers and chair cars are constructed involves an enormous expense. The fellows who do not use these cars are obliged to pay for the luxuries enjoyed by wealthier travelers. The companies are obliged to charge a uniformly high rate of mileage in order to furnish swell service. I advocate having a strictly second class train between here and New York. Put the price at $10. I am positive that it would greatly increase travel. Put it on a slow schedule. The people who patronize it would not expect 'flier' service, and as long as it carried them over the ground they would be satisfied. The train would be well patronized from this station. Then the first class trains could be made strictly first class, and each fellow would pay for the service he required. I would like to see it tried."—Toledo Blade.

A Blood Sucking Earthworm.

South Africa is the home of a species of earthworm, a creature closely related to our common angleworm, who is not only a giant among the denizens of the soil, but which is reputed to have a taste for human blood. There are two species of this uncanny wiggler—one of a dark red color and the other almost black. They are larger than one's finger and from three to four inches in length.—St. Louis Republic.

BEFORE MATCHES CAME.

The Flint and Steel and Rushlights and Tallow Dips of Our Ancestors.

To the present generation it may seem incredible that in the next door to the first years of the reign of William IV there were no lucifer matches. In lieu thereof there were only long matches or splints of wood tipped at each end with melted sulphur, and before the complicated system of dipping the sulphureted match in concentrated sulphuric acid came into use these matches were kindled first by striking a light with flint and steel and then causing the spark to ignite a small quantity of tinder, an inflammable substance usually composed of partially burned linen.

This simple adjunct to the process of obtaining a light had been in use all over the world from time immemorial. The French tinder was called "amadou," a word the etymology of which has been fiercely contested, some philologers deriving it from the old French adjective "amadou," equivalent to amorous, and conveying the moral idea of the sweetly agreeable sensation of the hand coming in contact with a very soft substance, while others trace it to the Latin "ad manum dulce." The French tinder was often made of the spongy portions of mushrooms and other fungi, and prior to the introduction of lucifer matches the manufacture of amadou was one of considerable importance. The cryptogamic substance was beaten on a block somewhat after the manner of felt until it became homogeneous, and it was then impregnated with a solution of salts of niter or simply pulverized gunpowder. The Germans still fabricate a delicate kind of amadou which is used in surgery for stanching hemorrhage. As for flint and steel, they have as completely faded out from our domestic economy as they have from firearms, and the tinder box is so rarely seen that it might well be included in an exhibition of old social curios.

With tinder and tinder boxes has also vanished the rushlight which, when William Cobbett was a boy, English cottagers used to make for themselves by gathering rushes and dipping them successively in melted tallow until sufficient thick adipose matter was obtained. In houses where refinement was supposed to prevail the rushlight was invariably placed in a japanned tin shade perforated with circular orifices, and the insomnolent invalid had the pleasure of contemplating a large number of round spots of light on the ceiling, reflected from the rushlight screen. "Dips," another form of tallow candle, much given to sputtering, which smelled abominably, have also died the death, and "mold candles," which strove to emulate wax ones in their form, but hardly succeeded in doing so, have been superseded by cheaper candles, almost as shapely and as light giving as the old and costly spermaciti. Seventy years ago gas was little used. There were no railroads, few steamboats and no lucifer matches; yet, as Mr. Walter Besant might put it, the world went very well then.—London Telegraph.

APOLOGIZED FOR INTRUDING.

The Bashful Student Thought the Venus of Medici Was a Living Bather.

A funny story of a modest man is told by Aubrey de Vere in The Century Magazine. After 50 years' seclusion within the walls of his college a certain venerable fellow of Cambridge university thought it was time for him to see a little of the world, and he accepted an invitation from an early pupil who was entertaining a large party in a great country house. At dinner he sat next to the young lady of the house. Their conversation fell upon baths, and she happened to mention that she took a shower bath every morning to invigorate her system, adding, when he inquired what a shower bath was, that it resembled a very small round room; that the bather took his or her stand in the center of it, and upon pulling a string was drenched by a sudden flood of water from above.

Next morning the recluse rose at his usual hour—6 o'clock—and being of an inquisitive temper thought it well to explore carefully what he had never seen before—a large country house. On pulling open a door he found himself at the entrance of a very small circular apartment, one of those in which housemaids store away old brushes and household articles past their work. In the center of it stood a plaster cast of the Venus of Medici. The venerable man recoiled, closed the door and walked in the park till summoned by the breakfast bell. He took his seat, and the host asked whether he would have tea or coffee. But he had reflected on what good manners imperatively required, and his answer was:

"My lord, I can neither partake of tea nor coffee, nor any other refection until I have first tendered my humblest apologies to the interesting young lady whom I now see dispensing the chocolate and on whose sanitary ablutions this morning as she stood in her shower bath I was so unfortunate as unwittingly to intrude."

Ancient Use of the Mace.

The ancient use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited this might have been thought sufficient to keep them from the battlefield. But not so; they adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, "a pair of nutcrackers."—Notes and Queries.

An Apt Answer.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the crusaders who accompanied Richard Coeur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano presumably," was the smiling response.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Princess Bonnie."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Wilson Barrett.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Hagenbeck's Zoological Circus.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Marie Jensen.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"His Grace de Grammont."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Lottie Collins.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"South Before the War."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

The number of books published at the present day, with the names of young Irish men and women as authors and editors, is significant of the importance of the recent revival in Irish literature. Dr. Douglas Hyde, that indefatigable Gaelic litterateur, has just published a review of Gaelic litterateur, has just published a review of Gaelic leterature for the past three centuries; Miss Norah Hopper, a young writer whose productions, almost invariably written on an Irish theme, have found their way into several of the leading magazines, has published a volume of romances of ancient Ireland, interspersed with a number of charming songs; her "Ballads in Prose" has already won warm encomiums from the critics on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. Katherine Hinkson, better known here as Katherine Tynan, although she has published a a number of books in the past few years, has been stimulated into action by the success of the new movement, and is busily engaged on a new novel and on a new volume of poems. Her husband, Mr. H. A. Hinkson, has a volume of verses, by Trinity College men, in press and will probably give it to the world this month. That prince of Irish humorists, Edmund Downey, whose "Through Green Glasses," "Voyage of the Ark," "From the Green Bog" and "Anchor-watch Yarns" have had such phenomenal sales, is announcing the coming of a comic history of England, written in his own inimitable style, which turns all traditions into ridiculous humor. He is especially interested in the doings of the famous Jack Cave, who, like himself, was a native of the City of Waterford, the "Urbs Intacta," and his description of the Irish conqueror of London will be extremely funny, without doubt. The Rev. Edward Gaynor, of the Vincentian Order, in Cork, has collected a number of popular ballads, never before published, and will shortly place them in the hands of a publisher. A new book, "The End of Elfinland," by Jane Barlow, has recently been issued from the press of MacMillan & Co., and W. B. Yeats, the author of "Celtic Twilight," has a new volume of poems out, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. D. J. O'Donoghue, Francis A. Fahey, Emily Hickey, and many pthers of this busy hive of workers are actively engaged in the production of volumes of biographies, poems and tales, while we find Oscar Wilde, Dr. John Todhunser and others producing one successful play after another on the London stage. Alfred Perceval Graves is busily engaged on a Cantato which will probably be set to music by Liza Lehman, and finds time to write occasionally for magazines and furnish lyrics to the Hungarian composer, Korbay, and to the English ballad writers.

The influence of the revival is also felt in the English magazines. In the last number of "The Yellow Book," a recent addition to the quarterly publications, we find a story and a song by Miss Nora Hopper, and also a reverie by Lionel Johnson, who is with Miss Eleanor Hull, an editor of the *Quarterly* published by the Irish Literary Society. In the *Contemporary Magazine* we find a learned dissertation on the revision of English metres, by William Larminie, and a plea to reqive the old Gaelic mode of using assonance instead of rhyme in English verse. Mr. Larminie has made a profound study of his subject and his idea, expressed in a prominent magazine for the first time, is certainly a startling one and deserves much attention and careful consideration. The same idea is given in Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Love Songs of Connaught."

Some authors, such as Mrs. Claremont, bettor known as George Egerton, whose books, "Keynotes," and "Discords," have become so popular, have not been identified with the movement, but are, nevertheless, known as Irish writers. In Richard Dowling, and William O'Brien we have two novelists capable of giving us excellent works, and as the movement may be said to be yet in its childhood, the promise for the future is a rosy one if the talent is not absorbed in English magazine work and journalism.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

Unusual pressure on our space, owing to the full rsport of the Emmut celebration at the Auditorium, which we present to our readers to-day, compels us, most reluctantly, to omit the marshal's programme for St. Patrick's Day, and a large amount of editorial and other matter. We will make amends for this in the next issue. Following is the line of march laid down by Grand Marshal M. J. Kelly:

Rendezvous, Haymarket and Desplaines street. East on Randolph street to Fifth avenue, North on Fifth avenue to Chicago avenue, East on Chicago avenue to Cass street, South on Cass street to Ontario street, West on Ontario street to Clark street, South on Clark street to Jackson street, West on Jackson street to Desplaines street, South on Desplaines street to Harrison street, West on Harrison street to Blue Island avenue, Southwest on Blue Island avenue to Twelfth street, West on Twelfth street to May street, North on May street to Harrison street, East on Harrison street to Halsted street, North on Halsted street to Adams street, East on Adams street to Desplaines street.

THE LATE RICHARD O'GORMAN.

The New York *Sun* of the 2d inst., writing editorially of the late distinguished Irish-American patriot and American jurist, O'Gorman, about the last of the brilliant Young Ireland leaders, except Charles Gavan Duffy and Denny Lane, says:

"In the death of Richard O'Gorman we lose a man loved by those who knew him best, and honored and valued by the whole community. As a lawyer and a judge, in ability, in learning, and in character, his rank was of the highest. As an orator, who that ever heard him can forget the delicious music of his voice or the delightful roll and cadence of his langauge? Among all the accomplished and brilliant sons of Ireland whom the outbreak of 1848 gave to other lands, no one brought to his new citizenship and his wider duties a more sincere, earnest, and faithful spirit. He was a Democrat from the heart, and the conservative wisdom of his intelligence never watered from its loyalty to the political philosophy of Jefferson and Jackson. Above all, he was a gentleman and a Christian, and tho dignity and beauty of his life, though not displayed for public applause, will long remain a treasure to the friends he has left behind him." Our New York contemporary does no more than justice to the memory of Judge O'Gorman. The eulogium on his democratism is, no doubt, sincere. It must be, as we have generally considered the New York *Sun* a Republican paper. At least it has helped the Republican party out of a good many tight places in local elections, and helped, if we mistake not, to give Grover that terrible thrashing he received in 1888.

THE CITIZEN is glad to announce that the ever-popular Richard J. Oglesby, ex-general, ex-governor and ex-senator of this State, has almost completely recovered from his recent dangerous attack of influenza. Uncle Dick has a fine constitution, and, although he has reached the biblical limit of years, bids fair to live far into the XXth century. He is one of America's grandest old men.

WE are sincerely sorry to have to announce the dangeraus illness of the veteran soldier, Gen. John A. McClernand, who, at the hour of going to press, is reported to be on his deathbed at Springfield, Ill. The general is of advanced age, and, therefore, his chances of recovery are slight. His physicians say there is little or no hope of his ultimate recovery.

MR. JOHN MORLEY "Secretary for Ireland," has introduced a new Irish land bill in the House of Commons, London. It is a tame measure enough, and, on that account, may pass the House, but the Lords will take great pleasure in strangling the measure, because it might help Ireland, and would, at the same time, be a blow at their Baronial privileges. The House of Lords is a great thing for the Whigs.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians, Erie County, N. Y., celebrated the Emmet anniversary at the Star Theatre—the largest in the city—on Monday evening, March 3. Mr. D. V. Murphy presided and delivered the opening address. The oration was delivered by John F. Finerty, and the musical part of the programme was taken care of by Mr. M. J. Murphy, Mr. George A. Lewis and Miss Anna Lee. The building was filled to the doors, despite a raging snow storm, and the celebration was pronounced by all an unqualified success.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

On St. Patrick's Eve (Saturday, March 16), the Second Battalion, Companies A, B, D, and F, will give their lady friends a treat, in the shape of an entertainment and ball at the regimental armory, No. 78 Michigan avenue, which will be the first opportunity the lady friends of the Seventh shall have had to see the regiment in its new home. The officers of the battalion have arranged the following musical and literary programme which will be follwed by a military hop:

Opening Address.....Chairman, W. A. Cunnea
Violin and Flute Selections.....
.....Corp'l Chas. Leonard and Private T. Carroll
Song—Selected.....Frank Egan
Selections.....Seventh Regiment Band
Ledgerdemain and Mind Reading.....
.....Prof. John R. Carroll
Song—Selected.....Miss Maggie Sullivan
Oration—"The Irish-American Soldier".....
.....Judge John Gibbons
Song—Selected.....Miss Jennie L. Callahan
Ventriloquism.....Prof. Kayne
Presentation of Medals, last season's Rifle Practice.

Companies D and G, under the command of Capts. Duhig and Ryan respectively, are rapidly forging to the front; they are making rapid strides in drill and attendance. Both companies have about fifty men each on the floor every drill night.

Company B (the Sarsfield Guards), will have to hustle pretty hard to keep in front of those two companies. B Company has always had the reputation of being the best company in the regiment. It is well to have a friendly rivalry betwen the different companies in the regiment, because it tends to make the men work harder, and attend their drills more regularly. A company that has a number of men who do not attend drill cannot expect to be as good as a company where all men attend regularly.

Sergeant O'Connell, ex-member of the Second Regiment Drum and Bugle Corps, has started to organize a Drum and Bugle Corps for the Seventh Regiment. It is to be hoped he will succeed in making it the best corps in the city.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY CODY.

A Tipperary lady, for long years prominent in the City of Cashel, died on Feb. 27th at the residence of her son, Mr. Wm. J. Cody of 52 W. 12th Place, Chicago. She was Mrs. Mary Cody, wife of the late James Cody, Esq., land agent to several large properties in Tipperary. The great popularity of her husband with the tenantry with whom he had dealings, was in a large measure attributable to the boundless benevolence of the deceased lady, who often advanced from her private resources to needy tenants the amount of rents they were unable to pay, and which inconsiderate landlords compelled her husband to collect. She nobly assisted her humane husband in the duties of a position, which in times of distress was unpleasant and perilous in Tipperary.

Many an impecunious peasant was saved from eviction and the poorhouse by the indulgence of the husband and the generosity of the wife.

Over thirty years ago when the competitive system enabled educated young Irishmen to aspire to governmental positions in the colonies, Mrs. Cody fired her son Thomas with the courage of competing with several hundreds of Scotch and English candidates for a distinguished medical position in Hindostan. Young Cody outstripped all his rivals in the intellectual race for the prize. He was commissioned to the surgical staff at Bombay, where he rapidly advanced to the highest professional position, that of Surgeon-general of the army. A few years ago a melancholy accident involving his death, terminated a career which intellectually reflected honor upon himself, Ireland and his native Tipperary.

Mrs. Cody had three other sons in this country—two of them, John and William, are well known and respected citizens of Chicago, the third, Cornelius, is a rising dry goods merchant in San Francisco. A fifth son, Michael, adventured many years ago to the Australian gold fields, where his ambition was rewarded by the accumulation of great wealth. The deceased lady had two daughters, Mary and Maggie, each highly educated and mentally endowed. The first is a nun of the Presentation Order in Clonmel, Ireland; the second, Miss Maggie Cody, is at present in Chicago.

Grateful for Hood's.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 12, 1895.—On taking the slightest cold our boy would be inclined to fever and convulsions, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla he is enjoying good health and is full of life. —William Goltz, 198 Twenty-eighth place.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

An Eager and a Nipping Wind,

A continuous down pour of rain, inclement weather, generally in winter and spring, are unfavorable to all classes of invalids. But warmth and activity infused into the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a defense against them. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most thorough and effective of stomachics and tonics, not only enriches the blood, but accelerates its circulation. For a chill, or premonitory symptoms of rheumatism and kidney complaint, particularly prevalent at these seasons, it is the best possible remedy. It is also invaluable for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation and nervousness. Never set out on a winter or spring journey without it. Elderly persons and the delicate and convalescent are greatly aided by it.

IRELAND'S YOUNG HERO.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

plane of uniformity with England, Scotland and Wales in 1884-5, was due not to the breadth and liberality of Gladstone, but to "obstruction" by Biggar; and the presentation of Gladstone's so-called home rule bill was due to the presence of eighty-five men in the British parliament, who at that time constituted a genuine Irish party, a party with no hooks seeking joinings in the eyes of the garments of any English party. On the contrary, its members were armed with lances seeking the weak spots in the jointures of the armor of both English parties and wholly indifferent as to which of them they pierced, the harder or the sooner. (Applause.)

Many of our American friends seem to think that the Irish people owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone and that he should be made one of their political idols. The fact is Gladstone never did anything for Ireland except under the influence of Irish pressure of one kind or another. He was the jailor of the Irish leaders in 1883, but was unable to suppress obstruction by Irish representatives in parliament or the threatening unrest of the Irish people out of parliament. He declared himself, prior to the introduction of his so-called home rule bill, that he had not until shortly before that time familiarized himself with the history of Irish rule or the story of the infamous act of so-called union by which the Irish parliament was sold and betrayed. Yet he had ruled Ireland for many years and she was his next door neighbor. During the days of his power he wept over the wrongs of the Bulgarians, and sufferings of the Neapolitans and the sorrows of the slaves in the United States, but never did he stop to inquire about Ireland. I submit, said the speaker, that a more infamous admission was never made by unrighteous ruler. The Irish are in debt for the act extending and making uniform a franchise; but their obligation runs to a North of Ireland Protestant—a hunchback; a man of shrill, unattractive voice and almost forbidding face, who, however, had an affectionate and sympathetic heart, which lighted his kindly eyes and gave resolution to his infirm body. He was the father of "obstruction" in the British parliament. He was not able to force that parliament to legislate for Ireland, but he was able to prevent it from legislating for England. He demoralized and paralyzed it and compelled it to depart from its usages, called time-honored and supposed to be almost sacred. Ireland's gratitude for its extended franchise and for everything which that extended franchise has since enabled it to do, is due to Protestant North of Ireland Joe Biggar, not to Gladstone. (Great applause.) Gladstone had no tears for Ireland until Ireland had eighty-five votes and held the balance of power in parliament, although prior to that his tears for all other oppressed peoples were almost as copious as the Mississippi of his vocabulary. But that Mississippi, like its great namesake, had the unfortunate capacity of filling its entry into the ocean of freedom with sandbars of limitations and qualifications, through which they must pity the mariner who attempted to secure an outlet unless he had the Almighty for his pilot. (Applause.)

In speaking of Emmet's character and his claims to lasting gratitude and a place in history among the heroes and patriots of the world, Mr. Sullivan said it was sometimes argued by those who never conceded greatness to be compatible with failure that Emmet lost a place in these ranks because he had not achieved success as Washington had, and because he was condemned to the death of a felon and a traitor. Most of his audience remembered the going of a somewhat uncouth enthusiast from Kansas to rich, cultivated, powerful Virginia. His mission seemed a Don Quixote one, but he was led by the spirit of liberty. He was arrested, tried, condemned and executed as a traitor. Scarcely, however, had the blood of this enthusiast wet the soil of the old Dominion State before that proud commonwealth trembled under the tread of tens of thousands of armed men, marching under her southern sun, sustained by the principles and inspired by singing the name of the condemned enthusiast. A decade had not gone by before the auctioneer of human flesh and blood was without an occupation. His auction block disappeared never to return. The slave-driver's lash was torn from his grasp never to be resumed. The only stain ever borne on our Nation's glorious banner was removed in return for the sacrificial blood of her patriot sons. And John Brown's soul goes marching on! (Loud cheers.)

The victim of Calvary was put to death by the Roman authorities. He was branded as a traitor and a pretender to deity. He was executed between two malefactors. But countless millions of souls from His to this time bowed their heads, as others, from this to eternity, will bow their heads at the mention of His name. The cross intended to be a badge of infamy illuminated the path of salvation for countless millions who have passed away; it does so for other millions who to-day exist, and will do so for others who are yet unborn. Temples dedicated to His worship have sprung up among every race and in every clime. Common men and women from the ordinary walks of life are transformed by faith in His name into heroes and heroines, who brave the dangers of tempest, morass and jungle, and who go from extreme to extreme of clime in His service. They flit over battle fields and through plague and pestilence like angels, visiting the needy and oppressed without asking the race or the creed of the afflicted. The religious spirit which makes mankind follow the teachings and receive inspiration from the character of Christ, degraded by men, finds its counterpart in the better political nature of men who love the name of Emmet and by his sacrifices are inspired to a closer devotion to liberty. (Applause.)

Speaking of England's professed solicitude for the United States and her constant warnings to the people of the United States to beware of the Irish, Mr. Sullivan said the American people would doubtless remember England's great solicitude for their fathers in 1776, when George Washington and his army, half of whom were Irish, made reciprocal acknowledgment of English affection and relieved England of the burthen of guardianship. They would remember the renewal of that solicitude in 1812, when Andrew Jackson, with the warm regards of the American people, accompanied by the enthusiastic compliments of the Irish, relieved England from the trouble of protecttug American interests. The American people will remember how the English sobbed and sighed for the poor African in slavery in the United States, forgeting between their sobs to admit penitently that they established slavery here and sold the slaves to the Americans. They will also remember that in the terrible conflict which waged from 1851 to 1865, when our erring brothers of the South, now happily reunited with us, sought to destroy the Union—in order that slavery might be perpetuated—England came to the aid of the South, swept our commerce and flag from the seas, and furnished arms and munitions of war to the South. Yet she was not a friend of the South. But the South was the weaker of the two, and she helped the weaker, as she would have helped the North in like position, not for love, but that the struggle might be so prolonged as to destroy both. She was in league with the lesser and last Napoleon, who, during the same period, established a bastard monarchy at our South in Mexico, and began to circulate the claim that Louisiana had never legally been ceded to the United States. England, with a foothold at our North and Napoleon at the South, were preparing for our destruction, when happily the silent man, Grant, who subsequently told England to pay or to fight, and convinced her that the former was cheaper, succeeding in destroying the Rebellion and reuniting the blue and the gray, both of whom to-day hate England. Now England is particularly solicitous lest the United States shall be destroyed by the corruption of her large cities, and of course she professes to see that the chief instruments of this destruction are the Irish. Happily there are some official records which answer these English lies. When the election law now in force in this city was submitted to the people, it was declared to be a panacea for all the evils of our suffrage laws; and it has greatly improved, dignified and purified our election system. At that election every one of the so-called Irish-American wards of Chicago voted in favor of its adoption. It is not true that the Irish-American citizens are opposed to fair and honest elections. They are not all saints, but they have not more than their proportion of sinners. It is infamously false to charge them with all the corruptions of American politics. The Irish neither organized nor controlled nor profited by the Credit Mobilier; nor did they organize, control or profit by the whiskey ring. The Irish were not the congressional backpay salary grabbers. They have their sins, but should not be charged with all the sins of the communities in which they live. (Applause.)

Although it is not true, said Mr. Sullivan, that the Irish are responsible for all the violations of election laws and all the outrages committed upon our ballot system, I do not hesitate to appeal to you to use the influence of this great assemblage to see that they never shall share any part of the responsibility for this infamy. The Republic is in no danger from without. Her sons can protect her against all the world beyond her own boundaries. Whatever dangers beset her are from within; and none of these is more perilous than the corruption of the ballot box. From the ballot box proceed the currents which give creation and direction to all the branches and functions of the government. Corrupt the source and the whole system becomes enfeebled and imperiled. The suffering and oppressed peoples of the world, whether in Irish hut, African hovel, Armenian prison or Siberian dungeon, look with solicitude to the lights in America's towers of liberty, and seek therefrom to draw consolation and inspiration. Who would dare to bludgeon these upturned and already bleeding faces, to bid them bend their necks, and accept the condition of servitude as a finality? Surely not men with Irish blood in their veins, who came, or whose parents came, here in search of liberty. He who assails the purity of the American ballot box, or silently permits it to be assaulted, bludgeons the bodies and bends the spirits of the oppressed of the world. My views on this subject are so well known that I cannot conceive it to be possible that the committees and the great organizations, through whose too-appreciative confidence I am indebted for the honor of addressing this vast concourse, would have invited me here unless the invitation empowered me, in their name and by their authority, to add to my words the potency of their appeal to you to consider as an outcast, commercially, morally, socially and politically, any man who betrays liberty by violating the purity of the American ballot box. (Continued applause.)

The enemies of the Irish race are persistent in their allegation that the followers of Emmet want no solution of the Irish question, but one achieved by bloodshed. Grosser calumny was never uttered. I suppose, said Mr. Sullivan, that even the English would be willing to accept my friend, the distinguished chairman of this meeting, as typical of the "horrible" Irish Nationalists who adopt his principles and idealize Emmet. Yet the chairman was one of the first men to meet the representatives of the Irish Parliamentary party when that party was, and gave promise of continuing to be, a fearless, independent, national party. He was, as every one in Chicago knows, the first to call the great convention, which met in McCormick's Hall. Emmet's followers everywhere gave that party loyal support while it remained loyal to its principles. The Irish Nationalists, in common with the good people of every race, abhor war and want peace. They would welcome any honorable and peaceful settlement of Ireland's wrongs. But they insist if those wrongs are not righted peacefully, and if time and opportunity and prospects of success justify war, liberty is as well worth fighting for in Ireland as it was in the American colonies. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

It has been a favorite conceit of mankind to assume that however widely apart in this world, by reason of time or space or condition of life, spirits of the noble and brave commingle in a world knowing neither space nor time. How glorious, then, the assembly that encompasses Robert Emmet. Those who stood on earth for the principles and the ideals he represents may fitly greet the youngest of the great. He lived, he died for brotherhood, for the amelioration, the elevation, the liberation of man. Behold the majestic procession that must surround his grave and sweet personality. Damon and Pythias from antiquity, friends who were true brothers; St. Christopher, who carried his fellowman on his shoulders across the stream; Leonidas and his band from Thermopylæ, who fought for freedom, and perished rather than surrender; Sobieski and Kosciusko; Bruce and Tell; Joan of Arc; Touissant L'Ouverture, dark of hue and godlike of soul; Vincent de Paul and the Sister of Charity, with Florence Nightingale between; Christian Peabody and Hebrew Montefiore, brothers in philanthropy; Washington with Lafayette of France, Steuben of Germany, Pulaski of Poland and Jack Barry and John Sullivan and their companions in arms; Wilberforce, emancipator; O'Connell, emancipator; Lincoln, emancipator, and kindred spirits of every race; of every creed; of every clime; of every age, and in no secondary place the youngest, the most daring, the most loving, who knew he might lose his own life, but gladly gave it up that in his death a nation might live—Robert Emmet. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

We have faith in the triumph of Emmet's cause in God's good time,

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

And of our hero, no language so fitly expresses the sentiments of our hearts as his own eloquent, prophetic words:

"The man dies but his memory lives."
(Prolonged cheering.)

Signora M. Inez Carusi then came forward and sang, to a harp accompaniment, "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow," which was so cordially encored that she responded with "The Shan Van Vocht," which, as usual, brought down the house.

The chairman then introduced Mr. P. H. Keenan, who read, in vigorous and imbressive style, the address of the Irish National Societies, as follows:

The Address.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—Robert Emmet died in the same cause for which George Washington fought and conquered, and in struggling against the same enemy. Ireland sought and still seeks that which America, by force of native arms and European alliance, achieved—the right to be governed by her own people without disturbance from usurping foreigners.

The thirteen original colonies, which were peopled for the most part by men of British lineage, threw off a yoke that had become hateful to them, even though laid upon them by a kindred race. The American colonists refused to be bound by acts of the British parliament, and after in vain seeking redress by peaceable means, resorted to the sword, and after seven years of unparalleled sacrifice, compelled the general of the King of England to strike his colors and surrender his army at Yorktown.

Ireland, unlike America, never was an English colony. Her people, her customs, her organic laws—everything that goes to make a nation separate and distinctive—differed racically from those of England. She was finally conquered by intrigue and treachery rather than by force of arms. She surrendered Limerick as a separate and sovereign nation, connected with England only by the figment of the crown, and, in surrendering, preserved, by solemn treaty, her civil and religious rights. The treaty was violated, when England found she had nothing more to fear, and Ireland was placed in irons, under the penal laws, for a hundred years.

Again, in 1782, the English yoke was shattered by the Volunteers, the evil of coronal connection being still foolishly retained by Henry Grattan; again a solemn treaty was entered into by the Renunciation act of 1783, and still again, when England recovered her strength after the war with America closed, she relegated Ireland to fetters by the foul measure of the Act of Union, which obliterated her legislative independence.

It was because of that infamous measure, enacted against the protests of four-fifths of the Irish people of that day, that Robert Emmet rose in rebellion, and, as a consequence, forfeited his life. Therefore, we, his fellow countrymen and their descendants, are here tonight to do honor to a brave and unselfish man, who, born in a class generally unfriendly to the independence of Ireland, threw himself into the national ranks with the enthusiasm of a patriot and the courage of a hero. Though more than ninety years have rolled away since he sank into the bloody grave dug for him by England's minions in Ireland, he lives in spirit among us here tonight, and wherever our widely sundered race has found a home.

We desire to emphasize Ireland's right to a place among the nations, which she never voluntary, or even legally, relinquished.

We desire to declare emphatically that we never will renounce the struggle for the independence of Ireland until the epitaph of Emmet, the seal of its accomplishment, is written in letters that can be effaced.

Resolved, That we have no faith in the promises of any English party, where the self-government of Ireland is concerned, and that the breach of faith on the part of the Rosebery government in regard to the home rule bill still further strengthens our distrust of all English statesmen.

Resolved, That the Irish National cause, as exemplified by Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Mitchel and the Fenian Brotherhood, will ever command our most cordial sympathy and support.

The address and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Conclusion.

Miss Eugenia Bayard, a handsome and commanding young lady, with an exquisite voice, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and, responding to an encore, rendered "The Kerry Dance," which can hardly be called a good singing air.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save Ireland," Mr. J. J. Phelan leading, and the audience rising and joining in the chorus.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE MEN IN JAIL FOR IRELAND.

BY "HI-MANY."

The winter wind, snow-laden, sweeps
o'er mountain and o'er plain,
The bitter wind that smites the poor and
fills the land with pain,
While round the fire we sit and think,
with prayers that never fail,
Of those whose souls are dark with grief
—the friendless men in jail,
The hopeless men in jail,
Who'd die to save the dear old, the outlawed men in jail.

Why pine they for their native fields in
dungeons far away,
Why drag their limbs a galling chains
from day to weary day—
No woman's voice to give them hope,
no ear to list their tale?
Because they strove for Ireland's rights
—these fettered men in jail,
These outcast men in jail,
They longed to see the old land free, the
men who pine in jail.

By perjured oath and crafty wile the
doom of some was wrought,
Who hoped to wage in war's red fields
the fight our fathers fought,
Who sought to wrong no rule or race,
but make the Right prevail,
And, netted in the tyrant's web, they
wear their lives in jail—
Unconquered lives in jail—
They dream their dreams of routed foes,
these fighting men in jail.

While they who in dishonor's ways our
freedom thought to gain—
Misguided ones—who hoped by wrong
to end the wrongful reign
That wrecked our land, and razed our
homes, and smote our women frail,
They trod a path we cannot tread—these
reckless men in jail,
These outraged men in jail,
'Twas Ireland's woes that bred your
crime—misguided men in jail,

The knotted lash, the poisoned bowl,
the whisper of despair
Have made each cell a torture place,
each life a load of care;
And should death stamp his victor seal
on lip and forehead pale,
The tyrant yet shall dread your names—
our tortured men in jail,
Our thrice-bound men in jail.
Who gave your freedom for the land's,
our helpless men in jail.

They ask for peace and love today, who
hate and force have tried,
Our answer is, No peace for us while
mercy is denied,
No love for us while through the land is
heard the *caioner's* wail
For those whose locks are blanched to
snow—the hopeless men in jail,
The fighting men in jail,
The men who crossed destruction's path,
our outlawed men in jail!

LORD EDWARD AND EMMET.

Burial-Places of Two Noted Irishmen.

LORD EDWARD.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald's burial-place has, of course, always been known with absolute exactitude to all who had anything approaching accurate knowledge connected with the events of 1798. Recently, however, some wholly needless controversy has been raised on the subject, and Lord Walter Fitzgerald, in an interesting letter which he has contributed to the *Irish Times*, has intervened to bring it to an end. Lord Walter writes: "I have before me as I write a number of the *Irish Magazine* for July, 1808, which contains a memoir of Lord Edward. I do not know who wrote the article, but it concludes with the following words: 'His remains were put into a leaden coffin, and with the utmost secrecy they were taken from the jail at 3 o'clock in the morning, attended by a guard, and deposited in a vault in St. Werburgh's church.' In the second series of Madden's work, and at page 464, he describes how in the year 1841 Lady Campbell (Lord Edward's daughter) caused her father's leaden coffin to be placed in a new wooden one, which bore this inscription on the brass plate:

> Lord Edward Fitzgerald,
> Fifth son of the Duke of Leinster
> Born Oct. 15, 1763;
> Died June 4, 1798;
> Buried June 6, 1798.
>
> To preserve the leaden coffin containing his remains it was enclosed in this additional protection by his children.
> Feb. 8, 1844.

Shortly after Mr. William Fitzgerald, the present sextan of St. Werburgh's, got that appointment, now fourteen years ago, the fourth Duke of Leinster again had Lord Edward's leaden coffin encased in a new wooden one, as the one supplied at Lady Campbell's cost was falling to pieces. The new coffin bore a plate thus inscribed:

> Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
> Born 1763;
> Died 1798.

Irishmen of all shades of political thought will be glad to note Lord Walter's further statement that he is taking steps to have the remains of the gallant Lord Edward once again reverently cared for, the coffin last provided having become decayed.

WHERE EMMET RESTS.

About the burial place of Robert Emmet a large amount of uncertainty exists, and it now seems unlikely that any definite conclusion can ever be come to on the subject, says the *Irish Catholic*. Quite lately the columns of both the *Evening Herald* and *Evening Telegraph* have contained fresh contributions to a controversy of old standing, but it can scarcely be said that any facts of a definite nature have been adduced even by that gifted and veteran student of modern Irish history, Dr. W. J. Fitzpatrick. We have no intention of reviving discussion on a point which, as we have already said, is now probably insoluble, but as one point, at least, appears to have remained unnoticed by any of the controversialists, it may, perhaps, be well that attention should be called to it. At the special commission which opened on Sept. 19, 1803, before Lord Norbury, Mr. Baron George, and Mr. Baron Daily, no fewer than eighteen other prisoners were tried for high treason as well as Robert Emmet. The full roll of the accused reads as follows:

Robert Emmet,	Edward Kearney,
Owen Kirwan,	James Byrne,
John McCann,	Denis Lambert Redmond,
Laurence Begley,	Felix Rourke,
John Hay,	Joseph Doran,
Thomas Keenan,	Nicholas Tyrrell,
Thomas Donnelly,	Thomas Maxwell Roche,
Henry Howley,	John Beggs,
John Killen,	John McIntosh.
Michael Kelly	

With the exception of Joseph Doran, who was acquitted, every one of these prisoners was executed. The commission sat day by day, and day by day those who were tried before it were hanged. Now it is clearly proven that Emmet was first buried in the famous "Bully's Acre," or Hospital Fields, where it is equally certain that those of his sixteen convicted companions, who were not buried in Newgate or elsewhere, where likewise interred, and what occurs to us is that it is barely possible that the necessary private burial or surreptitious removal of the remains of any one of these, who had all fallen in the same cause as he had, may have been the origin of the story that Emmet's body was disinterred. The exact spot at which Emmet was interred in "Bully's Acre" is described by Dr. Madden, and it would seem well that some investigation should be undertaken as to whether the grave was ever really opened.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

The following circular from the Most Reverend Archbishop to the clergy of the arch-diocese defines Lenten regulations:

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 15.—*Rev. and Dear Sir:* During Lent, by special indult of of the Holy Father, the following regulations will be observed in the archdiocese:

Flesh meat may be used at all the meals on Sunday, and once each day at the principal meal, on the following days:

On all Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

On all Saturdays, except Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

Flesh and Fish are not allowed at the same meal.

Custom, tolerated by the church, permits coffee, tea or chocolate with a small piece of bread to be taken in the morning.

Custom also allows the use of eggs, butter, milk, etc., at the evening collation.

The following persons are not obliged to fast, viz.: the sick and those in feeble health; women nursing children; all who are engaged in laborious and exhausting occupation; the young who have not completed their twenty-first year; and those who have reached the sixtieth year of their age.

Those who are excused from fasting on account of age or hard labor, may use flesh meat more than once on the days on which it is allowed.

All who are exempt from the law of fasting should endeavor to perform during Lent some other acts of piety and charity. The reverend pastors will, with their usual zeal, afford every opportunity and facility to their people of complying with their religious obligations during the holy season.

The time for fulfilling the Paschal duty extends from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday, both included.

The annual collection for the Indian and Negro Missions, and for the Propagation of the Faith, will be made in all the churches of the archdiocese on the first Sunday of Lent. The proceeds will be forwarded as soon as possible to the Chancellor.

Our Holy Father, the Pope, has enjoined that a collection be made in the various churches on Good Friday, or some other convenient day, for the holy places in Palestine in care of the Franciscan Fathers. The amount will be sent to the Chancellor in due time.

On Holy Thursday the Chancellor will distribute the holy oils to the reverend clergy after the mass and ceremonies, which will commence at 10 o'clock. All the pastors of the city are expected to be present at the blessing of the holy oils. I remain, Reverend and Dear Sir, Yours faithfully in Christ,

†PATRICK A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

P. J. MULDOON, Chancellor and Secretary.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Adriatic arrived at New York on March 2 at 7 a.m.

The Britannic arrived at Queenstown Feb. 28, at 3:30 p.m.

The Teutonic arrived at New York on March 6, at 3 p. m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown March 5, at 3:30 p. m.

GAELIC POETRY.

A Mháire Mhilis Bhreagh.

(Diarmaid O'Curnán cct.)

A Mháire mhilis bhreágh,
D'fhág an chneadh so am lár,
Nach leigheasfadh sin Oilean an Fódhla,
A's go m-béarfainn dár mo láimh,
Dá d-tuigfeá féin mo chás,
Nach léigfec mo bhás gan fórthain;

Ni ahaithim unas bidh,
Ni chodlaim neul ó luidhim,
Ni'l tapa' ionnam na brigh acht sgáil bheag
Mara bh-fághaidh me uain ná sgith
Air dhian-ghrádh lár mo chroidhe
Ni mhairfidh me beó mi ná ráithe.

Ni'l fios ná leighess mo chraidh
Ag aon-ne beó le fághail,
Acht amháin ag an mhnaoi do bhreoigh me;
Ni'l mo leigheas air mhuir ná ráigh,
Ni'l mo leigheas air luibh ná láimh
Ni'l mo leigheas acht ag bláth na h-óige:

Ni aithnighim cearc tar chuach,
Ni aithnighim teas tar fhuacht,
Ni aithnighim aon uair mo cháirde;
Ni aithnighim oidhche tar lá,
Acht aith'neóchadh mo chroidhe mo ghráidh
Dá d-tagadh si a d-tráth agus fóirthin.

Fóir, a chumann, déan,
Tabhair dham póg mhilis ó'd bheul,
Agus tóg chúghat féin anios ó'n m-bás me;
No órduigh dam leaba chaol
A g-cómhra chluthmhar *dale*
A g-cómhgar an daoil 'sa cháirde.

Ni beó mo bheó acht eug,
Ni glór mo ghlór acht gaoth,
Ni'l anuadh orm, saoghal, no sláinte,
Acht go deórach, brónach, tráith,
Gan cheól, gan spórt, gan réim,
A n-daor-bhruid 's a b-péin le grádh dhuit.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

(*Translation*)

O'Curnan's Song.

(Translated by A. P. Graves.)

O Mary, bawn asthore
That through my bosom's core
Hath pierced me past the Isle of Fodhla's healing;
By Heaven, 'tis my belief
Had you but known my grief,
Long since to me with succor you'd been stealing.

With tears the night I waste
No food by day I taste,
But wander weak and silent as a shadow,
Ah! if I may not find
My Mary true and kind,
My mother soon must weep a sonless widow.

I know not night from day
"Cuckoo," the thrushes say;
But can it be May in dark December!
My friends look strange and wild—
But hasten, Mary mild,
And well my heart its mistress shall remember.

No herb or skill of hand
My cure can now command—
From you, O Flower of Love, I'll seek it;
Then hasten, hasten here,
My own and only dear,
And in your secret ear I'll softly speak it.

One sweet kiss from your mouth
Would quench my burning drought,
And lift me back to life; ah, yield it to me,
Or make for me my bed
Among the moldering dead,
Where the winding worms may crawl and channel through me,

Ah! better buried so,
Than like a ghost to go
All music, dance, and sport with sighs forsaking—
A witless, wandering man
For the love of Mary bán.
With the heart within my bosom slowly breaking.

DON'T FAIL to call on John Beegan, 228 S. Halsted St., for St. Patrick's Day regalia and emblems of all kinds.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,
Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.
PURCHASE
Uniforms for Aides
CHAPEAU, SASH, AND GAUNTLETS,
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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
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CHICAGO, ILL.

H. R. EAGLE

Pure Maple Sugar, per lb	7 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can, 5½ cents; per doz	69 cents
2-lb cans Sweet Sugar Corn, per can, 4½ cents; per doz	55 cents
Gallon cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, 17 cents; per doz	$1.89
California Silver Prunes, per lb	5 cents
California Pears, per lb	5 cents
Pitted Cherries, per lb	13 cents
Spanish Prunella, per lb	9 cents
California Raisins	3½ cents
Enoch Morgan's Sapolia, per cake	4½ cents
Pearline, per pkg	3 cents
12 pkgs Carpet Tacks	9 cents
2-lb cans Lima Beans	5 cents
3-lb cans Baltimore Table Peaches	10 cents
3-lb cans Table Pears	9 cents
3-lb cans Jersey Sweet Potatoes	6 cents
10 lbs Rolled Oats	25 cents
7 lbs Pure Buckwheat	19 cents
7 lbs Pure Graham Flour	19 cents
10 lbs Yellow Corn Meal	13 cents
Granulated Sugar, per lb	3½ cents
Extra C Sugar, per lb	3½ cents
Large packages Lawn Grass Seed	10 cents
California Sweet Oranges, per doz	8 cents

SOAP.

	Per box.	Per bar.
Jackson, 100 in box	$2.40	2½ cts
German Family, 100 in box	$2.65	2½ cts
Aunt Sarah, 100 in box	$2.85	3 cts
Babbitt's Best, 100 in box	$4.00	4 cts
Santa Claus, 100 in box	$3.90	4 cts
Best Family, 60 in box	$3.00	5 cts
German Mottled, 60 in box	$3.00	5 cts
Standard, 60 in box	$2.39	4 cts

CHEESE.

Wisconsin Cream, per lb	8 cts
New York Cream, per lb	12 cts
Fancy Herkimer Cream	16 cts
Swiss Cheese	14 cts
Limburger	14 cts
Brick	14 cts
Roquefort	39 cts
Edam, in foil	89 cts

TEA.

OUR PRIRE STORY JAPAN TEA (its name will be known by March 15), per lb ..... 35 cents

We have an Oolong Tea, the plant of which was originally grown in China—was transplanted to Japan; the peculiar climate of Japan softens it and makes it a delicious drinking tea. We will sell it at 25 cents per lb.

Fish for Lent.

We guarantee these pails to hold 12 pounds net weight of fish. At the prices quoted and the excellent quality considered, they are the cheapest in the country.

12-lb pails Family Whitefish	.57
12-lb pails Round Herring	.46
12-lb pails Fancy Blood-Red California Salmon	.89
12-lb pails Large Family Mackerel	$1.25
12-lb pails New Irish Mackerel	$1.49
12-lb pails Split Herring	.65
12-lb pails No. 1 Whitefish	$1.19
12-lb pails No. 1 Trout	.69
20 lbs Whole Codfish for	$1.00
Boneless Codfish, per lb, 5 cents; per 40-lb box	$1.90
Imported Holland Herring, per keg	.75

Canned Fish.

1-lb Salmon, per can, 9 cents; per doz	$1.05
1-lb Fancy Salmon, per can, 13 cents; per doz	$1.50
3-lb cans Mackerel, in tomato 3-lb cans Mackerel, in Mustard 3-lb cans Brook Trout	19 cts
Americal Quarter Sardines, per can, 3 cents; per doz	36 cts
Imported Sardines, key opener, per can, 8 cents; per doz	90 cts
Shrimps, per can, 19 cents; Clam Chowder, per can	19 cts

Special Prices for This Week.

Amber pots Best Prepared Mustard, is worth 10c. Sale price	2 cts
Parlor Matches, per dozen boxes	6 cts
3-lb cans Tomato Soups, 15 cts; gallon cans Assorted Soups	35 cts
Guaranteed Baking Powder, ½-lb can, 2 cents; ¼-lb can, 4 cents; ½-lb can, 6 cents; 1-lb can	8 cts
Old and Dry Pop Corn	2 cts
Crown Milk, per can, 3½ cents; St. Charles Cream, per can	7 cts
Pure Ground Pepper, per lb, 9 cts; Pure Mustard, per lb	9 cts
Flat Noodles, Vermicelli, per lb, 5 cents; Broken Macaroni, lb	3 cts
Pint bottles Pickles, 7 cents; gallon Chow Chow	35 cts
½-lb cans English Cocoa, 12 cents; French Capers, per bottle	5 cts
Worcestershire Sauce, half pints, 9 cents; pints	15 cts
Gallon Jug Olives	35 cts
Dairy Butterine, per lb, 10c; Best California Hams, per lb	6 cts
5-lb pails Lard Compound for 29 cts; 10-lb pails, 58 cts; 3-lb pails	18 cts
Gallon can Molasses, 29 cents; gallon can Apples	20 cts
3-lb can Apricots, 10 cts; 2-lb can Fancy Sifted Peas	9 cts
Cal. Evaporated Peaches	9 cts
Bulk Baking Soda, per lb	2 cts
Fancy Table Sirup: quarts, ½-gallons, gallons	10 cts, 19 cts, 29 cts
Genuine Rawhide Buggy Whips, 6 feet, A1 stock and waterproof—retail for $1.50—this sale, each	39 cts
Common 6-ft. Buggy Whips, each	9 cts
9½-ft. Cab Whips, each	19 cts

House Furnishings.

No. 2 Star Wringers (nothing to get out of order), with heavy steel springs, each	$1.35
No 2 Superior Wringers, each	$1.69
Keystone Wringers, No. 10, two screws, pure white rubber rollers, each	$1.98
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Falcon Wringers, two top screws, with drop board, white rubber rollers	$1.45
Choice of all our Cuspidors, worth 30c, 40c and 50c, this special sale, each	19 cts
Choice of all our Copper-Bottom Tea Kettles, each	19 cts
Pure China Tea or Coffee Cups, all perfect, each	2½ cts
Cream Pitchers, China, will hold one pint, each	9 cts
Salt and Pepper bottles, each	1½ cts
Best quality Corn Poppers, rach	4 cts
Toilet Paper, per roll	2 cts
Barrel Ash Sieves, covered, regular price 35 cts each, our price	15 cts
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Wash Boards, each	14 cts
Choice House Brooms, for carpet or floor, none better at any price, each	24 cts
6-qt. White Enameled Kettles, each	29 cts
Heavy Copper-Rim Wash Boilers, each	69 cts
Dewdrop Glass Spoonholders, each	5 cts

DRUGS.

Castoria, per bottle	24 cts
Greene's Nervura	77 cts
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	67 cts
Ayer's Hair Vigor	58 cts
Munyon's Remedies	20 cts
Paine's Celery Compound	67 cts
Pure Bay Rum, 8 oz	25 cts
Beef, Wine and Iron (Free Sample)	36 cts
Witch Hazel, full pint	20 cts
Bromo Seltzer, 25c size	18 cts
Corn Salve	8 cts
Emulsion Cod Liver Oil	40 cts
No-To-Bac	75 cts
Headache Powders, 10 in box	10 cts
100 2-gr. Quinine Pills	19 cts
Compound Extract Sarsaparilla	49 cts

CIGARS.

Our Pet, 50 in box	45 cts
Confidence, a good smoke, 50 in box	50 cts
Turkish Beauties, 50 in box	65 cts
Key West Beauties, 50 in box	75 cts
Cuban Perfecto, long Havana filler, 50 in box	90 cts
Hand-made Union Label, long Haana filler, 50 in box	$1.00
Pas Favorit, long Havana filler Sumatra wrapper, 50 in box	$1.50
Manuel Garcia, K. W., long Havana filler, Florida wrapper, 50 in box	$1.75
Climax, 8-oz., per lb	38 cts
Hunting, ½, per lb	28 cts
Wineberry Plug, per lb	39 cts
Tower Long Cut, per lb	20 cts
Sweet Cob Smoking, per lb	18 cts
Red Cross, ½, per lb	29 cts

Shoe Dept.--Sale Extraordinary.

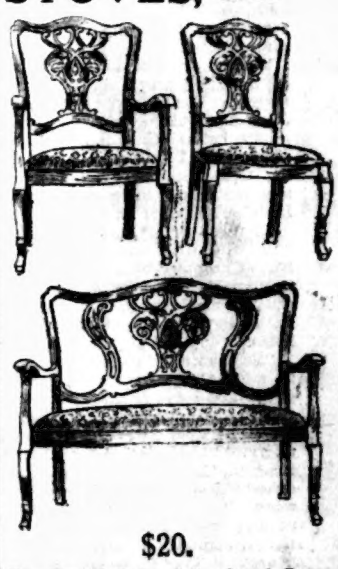
Now on sale, the entire line of samples of B. F. Richardson & Co., manufacturers of Ladies' Fine Shoes, consisting of McKay Sewed, Goodyear Welts and Turns and Hand-Sewed Lace and Button Boots and Oxfords, high grade qualities only, at less than one-half regular prices. You cannot afford to miss this sale.

Also 100 pairs Men's Piccadilly and Square Toe Congress and Bals. at 90 cents—worth double.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

IN REVELL'S MARCH SALE.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS, STOVES, &c.



$20.

This Elegant Parlor Suit, Carved Frame, Brocatelle Coverings, one of the Thousands of Bargains in our March Sale.

ALEXANDER H. REVELL & CO.
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DELANEY & MURPHY,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS.
10 & 12 Wabash Av,
CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF PAUL LAWLESS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Paul Lawless, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 28, 1895.

ELLEN McGINTY, Executrix.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 9, 1895.

MARGARET KEHOE,
AGNES E. KEHOE.
Administratrix with the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF ELLA LUSHER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Ella Lusher, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 18, 1895.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator.
With the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. Katharina Theunes vs. Carl Theunes. In Chancery. No. 147,565.

Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Theunes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

SKINNER E. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

John McKeough, Complainant's Solr.

A VALENTINE.

What would I send you,
O friend of mine?
Clusters of blossoms
To smile and shine.

Pansies to gladden,
Roses to bless,
Lilies to bend in
Their frail loveliness.

But snowdrifts have hidden
All beauty away.
Not a smile's in the country
This winter day.

Everything's waiting
To smile by and by,
When summer's returning
With blue sunny sky.

But, dear, I can never
Forget you, you know,
When winter is frowning
And chilly winds blow.

So I am sending,
Dear heart, to you
Wishes most tender
And love most true.

—Womankind.

THE MAHATMAS.

The storm showed no signs of abatement. The snow, driven by the wind, had found its way here and there through the "chinking" of the cabin and lay in miniature drifts upon the floor, the fine, dry crystals sparkling in the firelight. We were fairly warm and comfortable where we sat on our rolls of blankets, placed upon the rudely laid rough hearthstones, but ten feet back from the fire the air was bitterly raw and cold.

Tired though we all were from the day's rough journey, there was but little temptation to leave the comparative comfort of the fireside for the hard, drafty bunks which awaited us, and Calkins and I still sat drowsily listening to the theosophist as he discoursed monotonously of reincarnation, Karma-Loca, and kindred topics.

He was a fidgety, clean shaven little man, with weak eyes, long iron gray hair and a pasty complexion. He spoke in a confidential half whisper, lest he should awaken his unsympathetic friend, the professor, rolled in his blankets near by, and provoke controversy.

"A mahatma," he said hesitatingly, in answer to my inquiry, "is a being difficult of exact or satisfactory definition to a mind unfamiliar with at least the elements of esoteric philosophy and unattuned to the harmonies of oriental thought. He has been tersely but inadequately described as 'one who by intense self absorption has attained supernatural powers and faculties.' He is of the 'Illuminati,' of the 'Brothers,' an 'Adept,' in the occult sense. Developed and perfected by a spiritual asceticism, he finds himself able to read nature's occult laws, to pass unhindered from one distant place to another in the twinkling of an eye, to melt from view and reappear at pleasure, to surround himself with phantasms"—

"What do you call 'em what does all this?" queried Calkins, with awakening interest.

"Mahatmas," rather snappishly replied the theosophist, not relishing the interruption.

"I ran against a pair of 'em once way out on the desert east of 'Old Woman's Springs,' and I recollect well how they done me. That's why I asked," explained Calkins.

"A pair of mahatmas! 'Done' you! Impossible!" exclaimed the theosophist.

"Well, if you say it's impossible, I reckon that settles it," said Calkins, and he spat aggressively into the white ashes in the fireplace.

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the theosophist in a conciliatory tone, "I did not, of course, intend to suggest any doubt of the perfect sincerity of your assertion. But the idea of your having met two of these phenomenally gifted beings and of their having, as you say, 'done' you struck me for the moment, you know—merely for the moment—as—well—as certainly most remarkable."

"Well, it was just that," said Calkins, softened. "It was, as you say, the remarkablest racket, considered all round, I ever was in, and I'll allow I've seen more astonishin things in my time than most men."

"Would you mind giving us the particulars of your experience, Mr. Calkins?" urged the theosophist, with genuine interest.

"Well," said Calkins after a moment's pause and with the tone and air of overcoming a reluctance to speak further on the subject, "with a man who didn't know me"—he had met the theosophist that evening for the first time—"and hadn't the learnin and understandin to tackle such matters I'm free to allow I'd hesitate to give 'em this account. But with you it seems different somehow. You'll see the bearin's of it as p'r'aps some wouldn't.

"I had a claim about 40 miles southeast of Old Woman's springs, and there was a rock 'tank' within a mile where I could get water for camp use. I'd rigged up an arastra near the 'tank,' and had been packin ore down from the claim with the one mule I had, and then turned him into harness to run the arastra, but it made the work hard and slow both for me and him.

"So after I'd made one pretty good run out of about a ton and a quarter—I got three balls of amalgam, which, when I'd roasted and hammered 'em, weighed risin ten ounces—I started to go in from the desert, cash my bullion and buy some burro to pack with.

"It was well into November when I'd finished my run and started to come in, and the nights was gettin too sharp for sleepin out with any comfort. I planned to make Higgins Wells first night out, for there was an old stone cabin there, half built into the side hill, without much roof, to be sure, but furnishin some cover and givin a shelter from the wind.

"Well, I cached my tools and powder and straightened things out at camp before leavin, and so didn't get started until well on toward noon. It took about eight hours steady hustlin to get to the Wells, but I knew I had a moon to travel with when the sun went down, so I didn't feel hurried, though the days was gettin short.

"About sundown it grew raw right away, and then the mountains to the east and every little knob and butte stood out sharp, with a chilly dead light on 'em, like they was gettin purple with the cold. There wasn't a cloud nowhere to be seen, nor a breath of wind stirrin, and I knew it was goin to be a still, pinchin, frosty night, and I buttoned my coat up tight, and for the first time on the trip began to hurry up my mule.

"Just after sundown on a clear, sharp night's the lonesomest time to be travelin on the desert when you're by yourself. With the dusk comin on and the red fadin out in the sky you feel somehow like everythin in the world but just you and your mule had been stone dead for a hundred years, and feelin that way your animal gets to be great company. When the moon come up, it was some cheerfuller, but I felt glad enough when I seen the butte where the Wells and the stone cabin was and thought of a fire and blankets.

"When I'd got to within p'r'aps a quarter mile of the cabin, I see somethin I never seen before and couldn't no ways account for. It was like a long, wavy line of mist, comin from the east, movin through the air just above the ground and makin for the butte faster'n a locomotive and straight's a bee flies!

"It didn't look like mist exactly neither, but more like a string of misty figures, with long, while streamers blowin out behind 'em on the wind! I scarcely had time to spec'late what it was, when just by the cabin it melted away and disappeared altogether. The air was clear and as dry as a bone, so I knew it couldn't be just a flyin vapor I'd seen, and besides there was nary breath of wind to drive it.

"While I was wonderin at all this, a light broke out of the cabin door and through the little window, like some one had just started a fire inside. Then next I see a campfire flame up, just down the hill by the Wells, and men and animals movin about near by. I thought it was queer I hadn't seen 'em till just that minute, for the country was open all round, and up to now there hadn't been a sign of life anywhere.

"Then I says to myself, 'Most likely it's a prospectin party, and they was hid by the willows growin round the Wells,' but somehow this explanation didn't satisfy me, and I rode up toward the cabin, feelin glad at the prospect of company, but still wonderin considerable. The place had got to be sort of public property ever since old man Higgins died, and I didn't feel no kind of delicacy in ridin right up to the door, even if there was some one ahead of me. So I dismounts, unsaddles, and after hobblin the mule steps in.

"I'll never forget how all struck stiff I was by the sort of old man I see standin by the fire and just startin to come toward me, with both hands stretched out and a smile on like he'd been expectin me. But when he seen who I was he stopped short, and the smile died out, and he looked sort of disappointedlike, and his hands dropped, and then I see he'd thought I was somebody else he was waitin for.

"He was dark complexioned and very old, judgin from his long white beard and the wrinkles on his face, but he was tall and as straight as a tampin stick, and his eyes, though deep in the sockets, was as bright as a hawk's, but kind and friendly, I thought. He was dressed out queerer'n any man ever I see outside of a the-a-ter. His head was wrapped all about with great strips of white muslin, which bulged out all round in a roll. He was buttoned up close in a long dull yeller colored, quilted silk overcoat, with a broad fur collar, and his shoes was red and turned up in long points at the toes.

"I seen at the first glance he was somethin out of the common and wasn't no prospector, but what he was I couldn't make out neither. I said 'Good evenin,' and he said 'Good evenin' back, pleasant enough, but speakin queer, like he wa'n't much used to speakin English. Then he motioned me, lookin very hospit-able, to take a seat in one of the three old rawhide bottomed chairs before the fire, which I done with a 'Thank you,' for somehow, without bein anyways uppish, the old man acted like he owned the whole place, and I felt somehow like he did too. Well, when I set down, he set down and mumbled somethin I didn't just make out, bein in a language I'd never heard before, and, though lookin pleasant an smilin, he seemed sort of absentminded and kept lookin toward the door, like he was expectin some one.

"While I was gazin at him and wonderin who and what he was, and where he come from, and was makin up my mind how to lead the conversation round kind of delicate up to them points, I was startled clean through by seein the old man's chair suddenly get empty—that's the clearest I can put it—and findin him standin just outside the cabin door lookin off over the desert. He hadn't got up from that chair, so far as I could see, and there he was, 20 feet away from it, without so much as stirrin a leg. Naturally this excited my curiosity considerable. And I got up and went to the door, too, to see what the old man might be up to next. He was gazin off toward the south, and I hadn't more'n just looked that way, too, when I see what took my breath away.

"There was another of them misty, wavy processions kitin in through the air from the south and makin dead for the cabin. Before I'd a chance to rub my eyes and look again it had got close to the door, melted away, and another queer dressed old man was embracin the first one, the two of 'em standin there within five feet of me. Next second they was sittin together inside the cabin, in the chairs before the fire, never havin got there in no natural manner, with me standin just in and fillin up the doorway and only realizin where they'd gone to when I heard 'em talkin foreign languages behind me.

"I was gettin sort of used to this 'little joker' business and begun to feel ready for most anything in the surprisin line. But I hadn't seen just nothin yet to what was comin. Seein the two old gen'lemen was busy talkin over a roll of parchment with queer letters and figures on it, which the second old man had brought along with him, I thought it would be considerate to let 'em be alone together for awhile, and I stepped out and down toward the campfire to try and pick up some points there and take a look at the animals.

"I found four men standin close round the fire, tryin to keep warm, two of 'em dressed somethin like the old gen'leman I'd seen when I first come, only plainer, and two of 'em rigged out like the other one, with black sombreros and wrapped up in garments lookin like Mexican serapes. There was about a dozen animals, all told—three white mules and one coal black one, and the rest was fine, stout, big necked burros. My mule had got friendly with three of the finest in the whole outfit, and they was nibblin round apart from the rest, like they'd been raised together. Right away I begun thinkin that if I could get hold of them three it would make just the packin outfit I was lookin for, and then I could quit my trip in off the desert, go rigat back to the arastra and make another run or two. Then I could start in with considerable of a stake and not have to come right away back, as I'd been intendin.

"So, havin this in mind, I told the men by the fire what I wanted and showed 'em the biggest ball of bullion I had—weighin close on to five ounces—and offered it for the three burros, pointin 'em out. After about a minute they seemed to catch on, and lookin powerful solemn pointed up to the cabin, as much as to say I'd have to see the boss. So I just went on up, and steppin in found the old gen'lemen where I'd left 'em still talkin 16 to the dozen over the roll of parchment with the queer figures on it. They didn't pay no attention to me comin in at all, they was so took up with what they was talkin of, but I stood by waitin for a lull in the conversation, and when it come I cut in, and addressin the old man in the yeller silk overcoat I told him, plain as I could, what I wanted and showed him the five ounce ball to let him know I meant business and was willin to pay well for what I got.

"He looked at me in the same sort of absentminded way he did when I first seen him, but he smiled and nodded like he meant 'Yes' and said somethin I didn't just get onto, but it seemed clear to me from his way of goin on that it was all right about the burros, and then I handed him the five ounce ball. He wouldn't take it to begin with, but me insistin, and the second old man gettin impatient—at me interruptin their talk, I reckon—he bowed and smiled again very pleasant and dropped the ball kind of carelesslike into a little fancy cloth bag he wore for a pocket fastened on the belt round his waist. Then he went right on talkin again with the other old man just like I wa'n't round, and he'd clean forgot me and my business.

Findin I wa'n't in it with the old men, I started to go down and see the burros I'd bought, feelin very well pleased with the trade. Just then the necromancin begun all over again, only this time for keeps, as you'll see. They was, as I've said, both talkin together very earnest, sittin in the chairs before the fire, and when I turned to go out they was there still, but as I stepped outside there they both was, miraculously, outside, too, ahead of me, embracin and carryin on like they was sayin goodby.

"Then things begun developin pretty lively. When the old gen'lemen had wound up the goodby act, they stands facin each other, both of 'em holdin up their hands and lookin up into the sky. Then they says some foreign words together, like it was a verse they was repeatin, and then—there wa'n't no old men standin there at all.

"I looked down toward the campfire and all about, and there wa'n't a livin thing in sight. Not a man, nor a mule, nor a burro! But goin through the air like a streak—one toward the east and one toward the south—was two of them cloudy lines of figures, with the misty streamers wavin, like I'd seen 'em when the old men first come.

"Yes, sir, everything was gone, pretty near, but me, and the cabin, and the campfire. Not only them two designin old men and their circus outfit, but with 'em the three burros I'd just bought and paid for, my five ounce ball of bullion and actually the mule I'd come on. When the rest of the party blew off in that interestin way, he'd somehow got caught in the draft, I suppose, and had to go along too.

"Next mornin early I started out on foot, packin my blankets, for Old Woman's springs. There I hired a burro and went in to stay for the winter. Now you can see, sir," concluded Calkins, addressing the theosophist impressively, "I wa'n't far off when I said I'd met a couple of them gifted bein's you was talkin of, and that they didn't use me no ways square any way you look at it."

"A most extraordinary experience, Mr. Calkins, most extraordinary!" exclaimed the theosophist, with some excitement. "I shall want, with your permission, to take notes of the occurrence for submission to our little Society For Psychical Research at Beaconsville. I believe, though, that through even my limited acquaintance with occult subjects I can put the conduct of those venerable men, whom you were so fortunate as to encounter at their desert rendezvous, in quite a different light from that in which you now regard it—that is, when I have had time to digest fully the particulars of your most remarkable narrative."

"I said you'd see the bearin's of it, as p'r'aps some wouldn't, you recollect," said Calkins, as, yawning, he arose with his blanket roll and turned to his bunk.

As he moved from the fire I thought I heard a low, husky, little laugh, but when I caught his eye he coughed unpleasantly and regarded me with a vacant, solemn stare.—Edmund Stuart Roche in Argonaut.

ECCENTRIC WAGERS.

CURIOUS BETS MADE BY PROMINENT MEN IN OLD LONDON.

A Contest In Masquerading Which Went to the Wrong Man—Bets on Eating and Drinking—But Lord Lorne Won the Best of All These Wagers.

So far as we can go back into the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great inclination for betting, and they had a conventional form of ratifying their contracts, which consisted in taking from their finger the ring, which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it to the keeping of some third party. In the old days some very extraordinary bets were made. Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead wagered in the castle yard, York, as to which should assume the most original character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two gentlemen appeared. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5 guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold around his head, while a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side; one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blackened to resemble that of a negro. On the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy long tailed linen coat, and his leg was cased with leather breeches, with a boot and spur. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, the stakes were awarded to "John Bull."

The Duke of Queensbury laid a singular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The former was to produce a man who was to walk from his grace's house in Piccadilly, London, to the ten mile stone beyond Hounslow in the space of three hours, advancing four steps and at every fourth step retiring one step backward. The bet was for £1,000. Most probably the Duke of Queensbury had borrowed the hint from a circumstance recorded in the history of Catherine Medicis. This celebrated and beautiful queen made a vow that if an enterprise of consequence in which she was engaged should terminate successfully she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner described. Having succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with vigor and patience enough to undertake the journey. A citizen of Verberris, Picardy, presented himself and promised most scrupulously to accomplish the vow. He fulfilled his engagement with great precision, of which the queen was well assured by those whom she had appointed to travel by his side and watch his motions.

There was a notorious gambler at the end of the last century who ruined himself finally by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorne. Their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card table, and seizing a large punch bowl said: 'For once I'll have a bet when I've got a chance of winning! Odd or even for 15,000 guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted there proved to be an odd one.

The rash gambler paid his 15,000 guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Here is a record of another wager: A member of parliament bet a gentleman well known on the turf that a man should go from London to Edinburgh in any mode he chose while another made a million of dots with a pen and ink upon writing paper.

Eating and drinking have at all times been the subject of bets, and we hear of a courier, by name Aristocratic Tom of the Old Lion, London, for the trifling bet of a shilling undertook to drink three gills of lamp oil of the most rancid and nauseous quality that could be procured, which he performed with as much gusto and relish as if it had been the most delicious cordial. The money he had won was immediately converted into strong beer, which, with a penny loaf soaked in another portion of oil, he likewise swallowed. About two hours after this repast for another wager he swallowed 20 eggs with the shells in 20 minutes, but the last having a young chicken in it he complained it spoiled his stomach.

Feats of strength, too, have been a fruitful source of wagering. In 1792 a wager for £50 was made between a Mr. Hopkins and a Mr. Dalton that the latter could not carry 500 sacks of flour weighing 20 stone 20 yards in 12 hours. Mr. Dalton began the undertaking, but there not being a sufficient number of sacks in the town he used but one weighing 20 stone 8 pounds, which he carried 250 times each way 21 yards, and, notwithstanding he carried above the weight and the distance one yard more than agreed upon, the feat was performed with great ease in seven hours and 25 minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

Surprised, but Equal to It.

The marshal in a western town had occasion to arrest four or five ugly citizens, and he called on Mr. William J. Smith, better known as Bill, to act as a posse comitatus. The offenders were found in a saloon, and Mr. Smith went in there with the sheriff very modestly. The sheriff hadn't more than stated his business when he pulled a pistol and the crowd broke for the back door. The sheriff fired and missed, and Mr. Smith tumbled the hindermost man, the others escaping. Then Mr. Smith looked at the sheriff with a look of pain. "H—l, Jim," he said, "why didn't you tell me you was goin to open the meetin with pra'r and I'd 'a' had a full house for you?"—New York Sun.

The Mere Money Getter.

There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune and putting his fortune only to the basest uses, whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his real iniquity.

These men are equally careless of the workingmen, whom they oppress, and of the state, whose existence they imperil. There are not very many of them, but there is a very great number of men who approach more or less closely to the type, and in so far as they do so approach they are curses to the country. The man who is content to let politics go from bad to worse, jesting at the corruption of politicians; the man who is content to see the maladministration of justice without an immediate and resolute effort to reform it, is shirking his duty and is preparing the way for infinite woe in the future.

Hard, brutal indifference to the right and an equally shortsightedness as to the inevitable results of corruption and injustice are baleful beyond measure, and yet they are characteristic of a great many Americans who consider themselves perfectly respectable and who are considered thriving, prosperous men by their easy going fellow citizens. —Theodore Roosevelt in Forum.

Mr. Hawthorne Was Satisfied.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a kind hearted man as well as a great novelist. While he was consul at Liverpool a young Yankee walked into his office. The boy had left home to seek his fortune, but evidently had not found it yet, although he had crossed the sea in search. Homesick, friendless, nearly penniless, he wanted a passage home. The clerk said that Mr. Hawthorne could not be seen and intimated that the boy was not an American, but was trying to steal a passage.

The boy stuck to his point, and the clerk at last went to the little room and said to Mr. Hawthorne:

"Here's a boy who insists upon seeing you. He says he's an American, but I know he isn't."

Hawthorne came out of the room and looked keenly at the eager, ruddy face of the boy.

"You want a passage to America?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you're an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"From what part of America?"

"United States, sir."

"What state?"

"New Hampshire, sir."

"Town?"

"Exeter, sir."

Hawthorne looked at him for a minute before asking him the next question:

"Who sold the best apples in your town?"

"Skimmilk Folsom, sir," said the boy, with glistening eyes, as the old familiar byword brought up the dear old scenes of home.

"It's all right, sir," said Hawthorne, to the clerk. "Give him a passage."—Detroit Free Press.

A War of Pamphlets.

The two leading features of the famous sermon preached by Dr. Sacheverell in St. Paul's cathedral on Nov. 5, 1709, which led to his trial and all the paper war which raged around his name, were the denunciation of religious tolerance and the upholding of the doctrine of nonresistance to the crown in its extremest form. The Sacheverell pamphlets consist of short and catchpenny lives of the roverend hero, several sermons preached by him at various dates, attacks by dissenting writers on such sermons and their preacher, and other sermons and replies in support of the high church doctrines.

The list of Sacheverell pamphlets is a record of sermons, speeches, answers, letters, replies, thought, vindications and considerations, with endless variations of title, in long and wearisome procession. The total number of distinct and separate publications connected directly or indirectly with the controversy, enumerated by Mr. Falconer Madan in his "Bibliography of Sacheverell," amounts to no less than 226, and most of these are tracts, broadsides and pamphlets of the most ephemeral kind. Their enumeration is a triumph of bibliographical industry and patience and an astonishing proof of the strength and indeed violence of party feeling, both ecclesiastical and political, at the crisis of Queen Anne's reign.—Gentleman's Magazine.

"Gie Us a Lead."

Dean Hole, in his recent book, "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded, except on its sunless northernside, in which the suicide was buried. One day the vicar, while visiting a poor old woman who was nigh unto death, thought he would try to get her consent to be buried in the roomy northern plot.

He began by assuring her that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favor to himself and as an example to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern plot of the churchyard.

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes and then answered, "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as another, and that it makes no difference where we be put, perhaps you'll gie us a lead."

The vicar did not grasp the argument, but he changed the subject.

BURNAND OF PUNCH.

Chat With a Man Who Furnishes Alleged Humor Once a Week.

When I wrote F. C. Burnand asking him to grant an interview, I did it with trepidation, having heard that he objected to the modern inquisition of the interviewer. My eloquence evidently prevailed, however, for he replied that I might have the satisfaction of executing my editorial commission. It could only be a "sketchy" affair, as at the present time he was so very busy that his leisure moments were few and precious. As probably I knew as much about him as was necessary, I should let him off easily.

I had to be contented with merely catching a glimpse of him in his comfortable study at the "Boltons." He was preparing to start off for the Savoy, where he was occupied in rehearsing his new piece.

"Of the many comic papers Punch is decidedly the only one that appears to excite a vague, mysterious interest in the bosom of the reading public. What is the cause, Mr. Burnand?"

"Probably the hebdomadal dinner, at which it is supposed, no doubt, that the jokes are handed round to be digested."

"When was Punch started?"

"Punch was started in 1841, a year of three eventful P's—the introduction of penny postage and the birth of the prince. It was to be a comic chronicle of the times."

"And its first editors?"

"Were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor."

In their identical chair now sits Mr. Burnand, who no doubt, through his other works, is better known to the general public than his predecessors. Francis Cowley Burnand was born on Nov. 29, 1836. His very earliest years showed a promise of literary talent. At Eton his little plays were acted in his tutor's room, and at the age of 14 his "Guy Fawkes' Day" was produced at Worthing. He carried his energies on to Cambridge, where he founded the A. D. C., which still flourishes.

Mr. Burnand quite made up his mind that the church should be his profession. And from reading at Cuddesdon he passed to St. Charles' seminary to study under the late Cardinal (then Dr.) Manning, which resulted in his discovering that the cure of souls was not his vocation. His earliest contribution to Punch dates back to 1855, when he sent in a drawing which was reproduced by the great John Leech. Though the stage has always possessed a great attraction for him, journalism equally claims him as one of its successful lights. With what other papers was he connected? He once edited a small paper, The Glowworm, when Arthur A. Beckett was his "sub." He contributed a good deal to Fun. In fact, it was through Fun not seeing his idea of a literary joke that brought him directly in connection with Punch.

"What was the idea?" I asked him.

"The burlesquing of popular novelists of the day. Of these 'Mokanna' appeared in Punch Feb. 21, 1863. It was attributed to Thackeray. The idea regularly caught on, and soon after that I joined the staff, on which for a long time, owing to my youth, I was called 'The New Boy.'"

The new and original style of "Happy Thoughts" won him popularity as a true wit. Its very simplicity of quaint humor appealed to all. "Happy Thoughts" and Burnands are synonymous, and not undeservedly so. The same keen sense of humor runs through every line of his writing.

"When did you become editor?" was my next question.

"I succeeded to the editorial chair in 1880. Though a post of honor, the life of an editor of a comic journal is not exactly a happy one, for many people seem to imagine that a joke has only to be made, and it becomes 'good enough for Punch!' The home of the feeble funny story lies in the waste paper basket of The Punch office."—London Sketch.

"Shoes Half Soled While You Wait."

"Your shoes half soled while you wait" is a Seventh avenue sign which recalls many pleasant memories to the man who was raised in the back country and paid periodical visits to the crossroads cobbler during boyhood days. The face of an old man with all of his hair on his chin, and that white with age and streaked with tobacco juice, sitting on a low shoemaker's bench in a little back kitchen of a log house in the woods rises before me as I pass. I smell the sole leather soaking in the tub near the redhot kitchen stove and hear the play of the shining hammer as the old man beats the stiff cowhide on his knee. And such knees! Many a time have I seen him crack walnuts on them with no other protection than his shoemaker's apron. The old man always performed that trick for my boyish edification as I sat metaphorically at his feet of a cold winter's night and my shoes were being half soled while I waited. It seemed to give him as much pleasure as it did me.

He was a philosopher who had seen much of the great world and had retired from it to the low cabin in the backwoods of northern Indiana, and as he drove the boxwood pegs home with certain aim he awoke in me the overmastering desire to see some of that same world on my own account. He seemed to me to know everything worth knowing and scrupled not to part with fractions of that knowledge upon the slightest provocation. The shoe pegs or waxed ends in his mouth never interfered materially with his volubility. Nothing ever disturbed his good humor.

That was 40 years ago, but I remember the deeply sympathetic glance from the mild blue eyes of the old shoemaker as he turned them from the shoe he was trimming and bent them upon me one night after I had given crude expression to a desire to "see the world."

"You'll be disappointed, boy. There's nothing in it."—New York Herald.

Land in New York city has been sold at a price equal to $8,000,000 an acre, the highest in London at $5,000,000 an acre.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The Book Agent Sadly Discovered That He Had Tackled the Wrong Man.

A young man, with a large book under his arm and a 7 by 9 smile on his mug, stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket slinger.

"I am pining to leave Galveston, but I lack just $10 of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of 15 cents and take the rest out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you a book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a man so completely out of his senses in 15 minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a singsong voice he began:

"I am offering, in 17 volumes, 'Dr. Whiffletree's Observations In Palestine,' a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of $2 a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing."

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes he began to grow discouraged. Instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.

The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket man reached out his hand and said:

"Shake, ole fel! Come inside and take chair and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay $20 than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said:

"Some infernal hyena has given me away, but there is another railroad that I can get out of this one horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that doesn't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you will come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed out like a beautiful dream.—Galveston News.

Peat as Fuel.

In Denmark, where there is no great supply of peat, it is chiefly used by the peasants as fuel or as bedding in the dairy farms. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are bogs extending for hundreds of square miles, and of late years over 600,000 acres of the moorland have been brought under the plow. The peat is prepared as fuel and largely consumed in making iron, glass or brick, either alone or mixed with coal and fir cones. In southern Sweden there are factories solely engaged in manufacturing peat fuel for sale, as its use is steadily increasing, and some 30,000 tons a year are employed in metallurgical operations.

In southern and central Sweden there are some 20 factories for preparing peat litter and mold, each factory turning out from 15,000 to 30,000 bales a year, fetching about 2 shillings apiece. The mold is used for gardening in Sweden, while stuffing for mattresses or furniture, and surgical bandages are made from the white moss of the moors. In France the peat is molded into "briquettes" with tar and rosin, teased into litter or woven into fabrics, which are used in the army, its barracks and hospitals as blankets, mattresses and saddle cloths, or for stuffing coffer dams and certain parts of machinery.—Nineteenth Century.

Is Diamond Dust a Poison?

Attention has been drawn lately to the statement in an official work issued by the government of India that "diamond dust is known to be a powerful mechanical poison." This is objected to with an emphasis that should prevent the waste of diamonds hereafter by persons desirous of removing their enemies. Mohammedans in the far east still entertain the belief strongly, but it is said that investigators have never met anybody who, from his own knowledge, could describe the visible effects of administered diamond dust. It may be remembered that the great trial in India of the Gaikwar case brought out the statement of the commissioners who heard the evidence that the dust had no injurious effect on the human body. Here, then, is another superstition exploded, although it still lurks even in official documents.

Target Practice In Texas.

"We have 15,010 mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a subtreasury official. "We also have over 500,000 half dollar, quarter and dime pieces, which have become too thin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a mark. Do we give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."—Exchange.

AN ECCENTRIC PAINTER.

Turner's Studio and Methods a Curiosity to Visitors.

Broderip and Sir Richard Owen, says the latter in his "Reminiscences," walked together to Turner's residence, which was slightly dingy in outward appearance. When they arrived at the door, they waited some time before their ring at the bell was answered. At last an elderly person opened the door a few inches and asked them suspiciously what they wanted. They replied that they wished to see Mr. Turner. The door was immediately shut in their faces, but after a time the person came back to say that they might enter. When they got into the hall, she showed them into a room and forthwith shut the door upon them. They then discovered, with some dismay, that this apartment was in total darkness, with the blinds down and the shutters up. After a prolonged interval they were told they might go up stairs. Upon arriving at the topmost story they perceived Turner standing before several easels and taking his colors from a circular table which he swung around to get at the paints he required. He was painting several pictures at once, passing on from one to the other and applying to each in its turn the particular color he was using till it was exhausted.

After showing them all that there was to be seen Turner vouchsafed the explanation of the treatment which they experienced upon entering the house. He said that the bright light outside would have spoiled their eyes for properly appreciating the pictures, and that to see them to advantage an interval of darkness was necessary. At this stage of the interview Broderip had to leave for some engagement, and then an event took place which Owen declares that none of his artist friends would ever believe. Turner offered him a glass of wine. It was while they were coming down stairs that he first discovered the symptoms of an inward struggle going on in Turner's bosom. When they were passing a little cupboard on the landing, this struggle reached a climax. Finally Turner said, "Will you—will you have a glass of wine?" This offer having been accepted, after a good deal of groping in the cupboard a decanter was produced, of which the original stopper had been replaced by the cork, with the remains of some sherry at the bottom. This Owen duly consumed and shortly afterward took his leave, with many expressions of the pleasure this visit had afforded him and a disturbing conviction that the sherry might lurk indefinitely in his system.

FEAR AS A CAUSE OF DEATH.

The Imagination a Potent Factor In Acquiring a Fatal Disease.

"Of the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said a prominent physician the other day, "I should say that at least 50 per cent are really carried away by fear. Were it not for this element mortality would be far less than it is."

In support of his statement he cited various cases where the element of fear had entered largely in as a potent factor to persuade people that their time had come. Presentiments, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. Some years ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken to a house and shown several beds, in which, they were told, a number of cholera patients had died. In fact, the beds were new, never having been slept in. The criminals were informed that they would be set at liberty if they would undergo the ordeal of sleeping several nights in the beds. From the prisoners' point of view it was a possible though desperate chance of escape. They one and all decided to take the chances. At the end of the time prescribed two were uninjured and went free, but the others developed all the symptoms and died of Asiatic cholera.

Two physicians determined to take advantage of the impressionable mind of a female patient and prove a theory for the benefit of science. The lady had complained of an itching on her back. She was told that a blister would be applied. Instead a common postage stamp was applied, and, so runs the chronicle, performed all the offices of the plaster which was not there.

A college professor was once the subject of a practical joke at the hands of the students. They met him one after another, and each successively inquired after his health, saying that he looked ill. He took to his bed, a physician was called, and for days the professor imagined he was ill.—New York World.

Refined Cruelty In France.

The humanitarian lady who will not wear birds in her bonnet or eat flesh meat or permit down pillows to soften her lot in life should turn her attention to a refined cruelty that is at the moment a vogue in certain districts in France. For the manufacture of a certain superfine cloth called zibeline rabbits are plucked alive, and the long fur thus obtained is woven into the aforesaid texture. A particular breed of rabbits is only suitable, and these hapless creatures are carefully tended after the plucking process until their fur grows again. The thing is inexcusably cruel, and no woman would surely encourage the sale or manufacture of such cloth if her heart, not to say sensibility, is in the right place.—Chicago Post.

A Poison Bottle.

A new style of bottle for poisons that is described by The Lancet has the neck on one side and is of such a shape that it will not stand up. Lying on a table, the word poison and the label would always be in view, and by reason of its peculiar form it would not be mistaken for the ordinary bottle.

Dozens of cows' heads in terra cotta, bronze, gold and silver were found at Mycenæ. They are believed to be the symbol of the goddess of the city.

Pocomoke, the designation of a Maryland stream, means "broken by islands."

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 18th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

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St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J J Malbach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 103 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m. in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J E Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 973 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 493 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 70 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 122 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.

$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities

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